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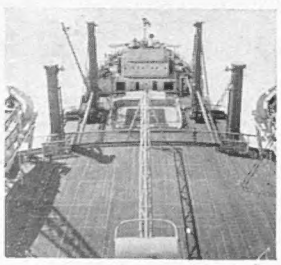

The Sports deck on the "City of Port Elizabeth": all "City" class passenger ships on the South Africa run have a swimming-pool, drawing-room and library.

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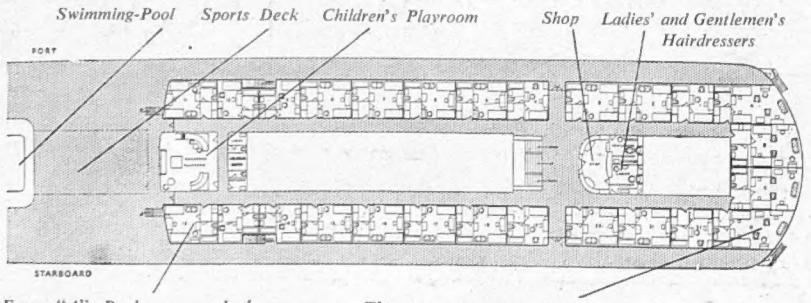

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Volume CCXLVII No. 3213

THE SPHERE

LONDON, December 30, 1961

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

A SUPPORTER OF INDIA

President Brezhnev of Russia is garlanded in the traditional manner on his arrival at Delhi Airport for a two-week visit to India. With him are his wife, Mr. Nehru and Dr. Radhakrishnan, the Indian Vice-President. Mr. Brezhnev had reached Bombay on his tour when India attacked Goa. He immediately gave this action his "fervent" support. In New York, Russia vetoed a resolution brought before the Security Council calling for an immediate cease-fire and negotiations between India and Portugal. When the Portuguese surrendered in Goa, the Moscow paper *Pravda* hailed the Indian victory as "a triumph of historical justice." However, China's reaction was equivocal. Pekin overtly supported Mr. Nehru but a communist paper in Hong Kong ridiculed him. Commonwealth countries to follow Britain's lead in deploring India's use of force included Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Pakistan was highly critical of India. By the middle of last week there were widespread fears that another military invasion was pending in the Far East—an attack by the Indonesians on Dutch New Guinea. (See also pages 506 and 507)

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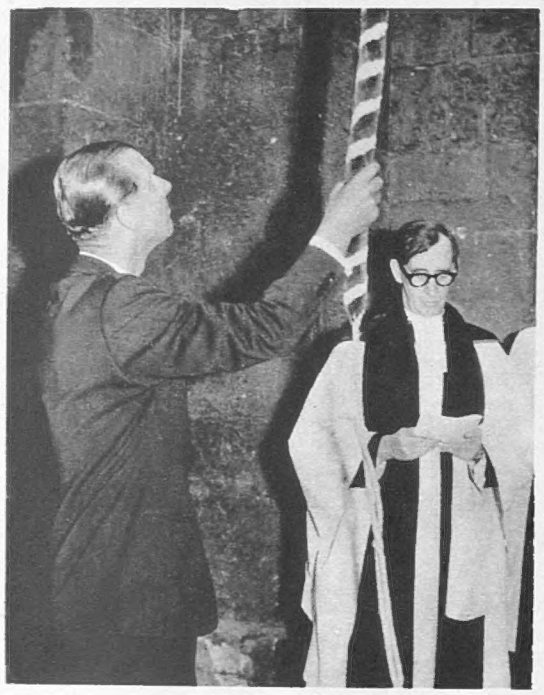
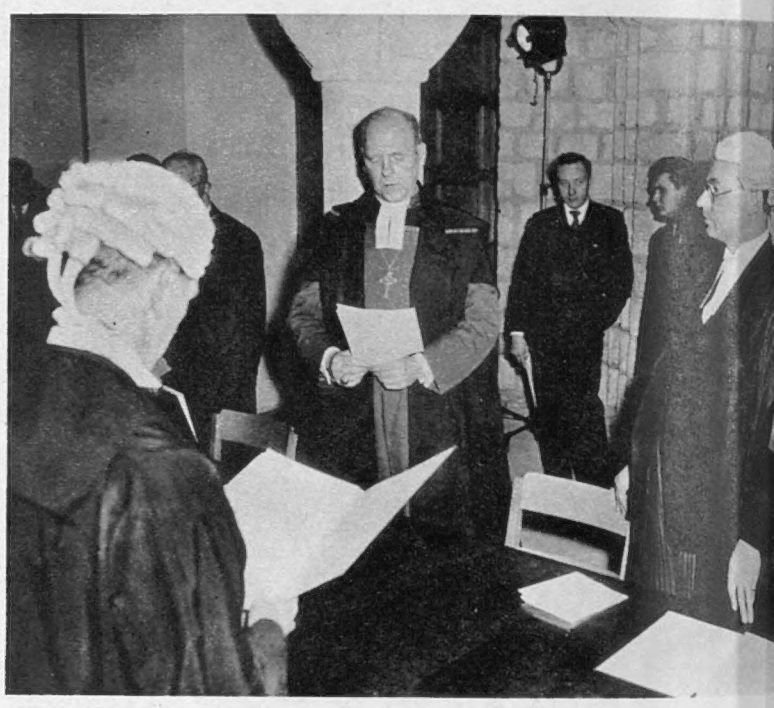
THE QUEEN IN LONDON TALKS TO MR. DIEFENBAKER IN OTTAWA ON THE NEW TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONE SYSTEM

From Buckingham Palace, the Queen speaks to the Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. Diefenbaker, **far right,** in Ottawa, as she makes the inaugural telephone call across the Atlantic on the new £9,000,000 Canadian Transatlantic Telephone System (CANTAT). The Queen said: "I am proud of the fact that the Commonwealth leads the world in its telephone communication system." The new cable forms the first stage of an £88,000,000 Commonwealth telephone system, which is planned to encircle the world

Below right: The Duke of Edinburgh rings the Great Bell of Bow at the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, London. The Great Bell is one of the twelve bells in the steeple of the celebrated Wren church, which were heard again on Wednesday of last week for the first time since 1939. In May, 1941, the church was bombed, and restoration has not yet been completed. The same day also saw another ceremony at St. Mary-le-Bow. **Far right:** The Right Rev. C. Eastaugh reads the Schedule of Consent during the confirmation of his election as Bishop of Peterborough. Confirmed on the same day were the Right Rev. F. Allison, Bishop of Winchester, and the Right Rev. M. A. Hodson, Bishop of Hereford. This was the first time that three Bishops' elections have been confirmed at one ceremony



THE BELLS OF ST. MARY-LE-BOW RING AGAIN



THREE BISHOPS ARE CONFIRMED

Below: The promenade of Bari, the seaside resort in the South of Italy, is covered with a mantle of snow. It is rare for Southern Italy to have snow in the period before Christmas. But this year, several villages in the South were cut off for some days in December during the cold spell which covered the whole of Italy. **Below right:** A yacht is battered against the rocky beach at Monaco during heavy seas. In December, considerable damage was caused on the French Riviera by storms

SNOW IN THE SOUTH OF ITALY

STORMS ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

The Prime Minister, accompanied by the Foreign Secretary, leaves London Airport for his talks with President Kennedy. A few hours previously it had been learnt that the President's father, Mr. Joseph Kennedy, who was United States Ambassador to Britain from 1937 to 1940, had been taken very seriously ill at Palm Beach, Florida. Mr. Macmillan sent a message to the President saying he would be prepared to meet him there if necessary. However, when the Prime Minister arrived in Bermuda he was told the President had decided to join him on the island. The Anglo-American conversations, in which Lord Home and Mr. Dean Rusk were also participating, were expected to be informal for the most part. It was understood subjects to be discussed would include Berlin, nuclear tests and disarmament, the European Common Market, the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, Congo and problems arising from the invasion of Goa. Mr. Macmillan's first engagement in Bermuda was to inspect the anti-submarine frigate H.M.S. *Troubridge* and the Royal Naval research ship *Vidal*. The ships were giving assistance in the security arrangements at Government House, which was the venue for the talks

MR. MACMILLAN AND LORD HOME SET OFF FOR BERMUDA

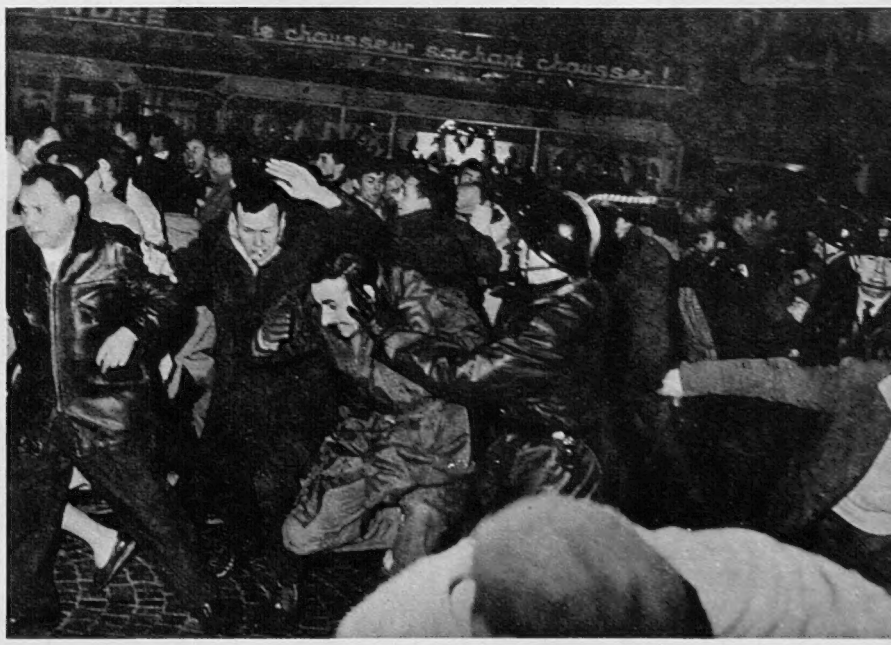
At the opening of the Christmas season of the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia are Mr. Maudling, the Colonial Secretary, his wife and two sons, Edward and William; and **far right:** the Home Secretary, Mr. Butler, and Mrs. Butler. For the present season, the circus has a number of new acts. The show was applauded for its speed of execution as well as for the acts of daring, animals and clowns, which are the vital part of the circus. Its première last week was just before Parliament's adjournment for the Christmas recess until January 23

ALL THE THRILLS OF THE CIRCUS FOR MR. MAUDLING AND HIS FAMILY AND MR. AND MRS. BUTLER

Aided by a Japanese military cadet, President Frondizi of Argentina lays a wreath on a bust of General José de San Martin at the Japanese Self-Defence Forces Academy at Yokosuka, in Japan. General San Martin was a celebrated South American soldier-statesman of the early 19th century, who played an important part in the struggle for independence of Argentina, Chile and Peru

PRESIDENT FRONDIZI IN JAPAN

Far right: French police wield batons as they charge demonstrators near the Place de la Bastille in Paris. It was estimated that a hundred people were injured in the clashes when police broke up crowds trying to join the demonstration organised by the Trade Unions in protest against the wave of terrorism of the Right-wing O.A.S. movement and in favour of a negotiated peace for Algeria



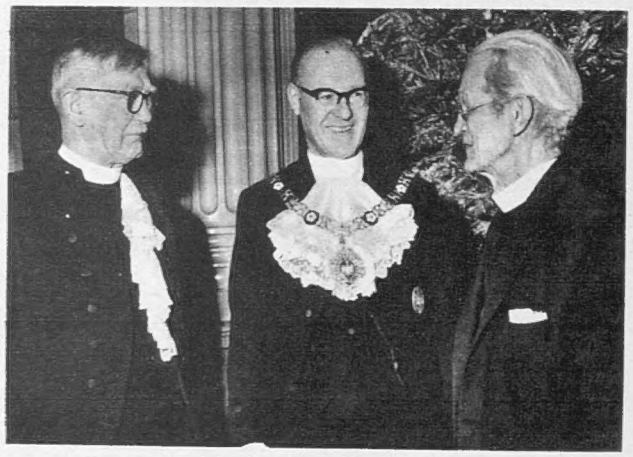
ANTI-O.A.S. DEMONSTRATIONS IN PARIS

Six-weeks-old Viscount Linley is cradled by his mother, Princess Margaret, as she and her husband leave Buckingham Palace after the christening ceremony. Dr. Ramsey, the Archbishop of Canterbury, baptised Viscount Linley in the Music Room at the Palace. The baby was awake and cried from time to time. The Queen, on behalf of the godparents, held Viscount Linley as she gave him his names, David Albert Charles. Also at the ceremony last week were the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother and other members of the Royal Family. **Far right above:** The Queen Mother waves to the crowds on her arrival at Buckingham Palace, and **below:** Viscount Linley's maternal grandmother, the Countess of Rosse, leaves after the ceremony. The baptism of Viscount Linley was entered in the register at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. His godparents are the Queen; Lady Elizabeth Cavendish; Lord Rupert Nevill; Rev. Simon Phipps and Lord Plunket

AFTER THE BAPTISM OF VISCOUNT LINLEY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

GRANDMOTHERS — THE QUEEN MOTHER AND THE COUNTESS OF ROSSE

The Moderator of the Church of Scotland, the Right Rev. A. C. Craig (left), is with the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frederick Hoare, and the Minister of the Crown Church, Covent Garden, Dr. Moffett, at a reception held at the Mansion House, London



SCOTTISH CHURCH LEADER AT THE MANSION HOUSE

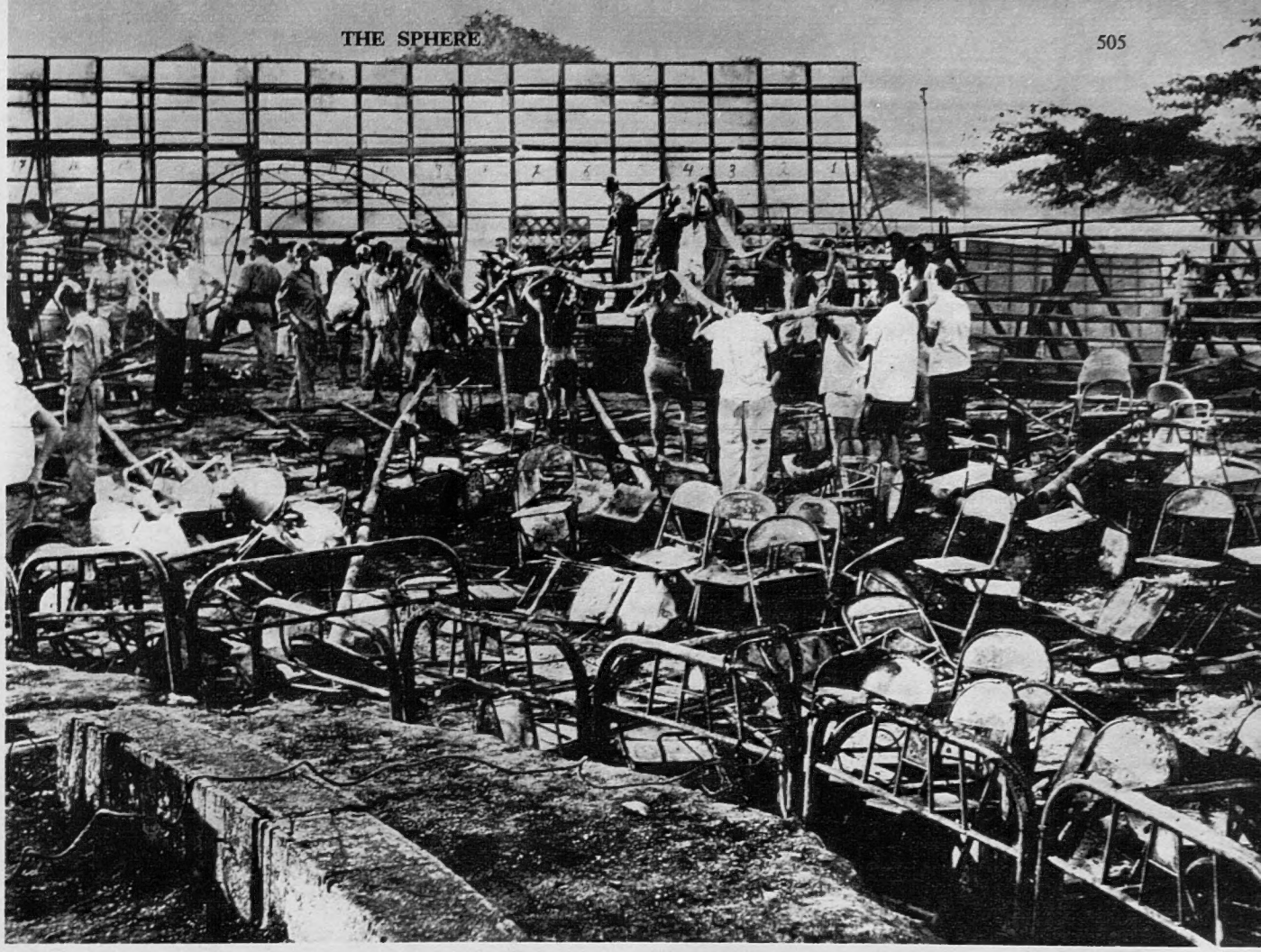
Far right: From left are Mr. Iain Macleod, the Leader of the House of Commons, Lord Mackintosh and Sir Frederick Hoare, wearing Christmas hats at the annual Christmas luncheon of the Fleet Street Column Club at the Connaught Rooms. Lord Mackintosh is the club's President and its chairman is Mr. Andrew Milne. A collection was made of £650 for Christmas parties and the decorations for the children's wards at Bart's Hospital. In a speech Mr. Macleod said "Because the United Nations is one of the few instruments of peace left in the whole world, offer a Christmas prayer that it will be granted courage, strength and wisdom"

AT THE FLEET STREET COLUMN CLUB LUNCHEON

WATCHING A DIVING DEMONSTRATION

The Duke of Edinburgh watches a Royal Navy diver wearing an inflated suit breaking the surface of the water during a demonstration at H.M.S. *Dolphin* at Portsmouth. The 100-ft.-deep tank is used also for instruction in Davis Escape Apparatus for submarine crews. The demonstration was given last week by the British Sub-Aqua Club

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



A DISASTROUS FIRE IN A CIRCUS IN RIO DE JANEIRO

Rescue workers search the charred remains of a circus tent which caught fire in Niteroi, a suburb of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. It was estimated that nearly 300 people were killed, most of them women and children. In thirty seconds the "big top" was a mass of flames and many people were trampled or burned as the audience of 2,500 rushed the exits. Yachts and navy launches were used to ferry the injured across the bay to hospitals in the centre of Rio de Janeiro and supplies of blood plasma, including some from Britain, were flown to the city

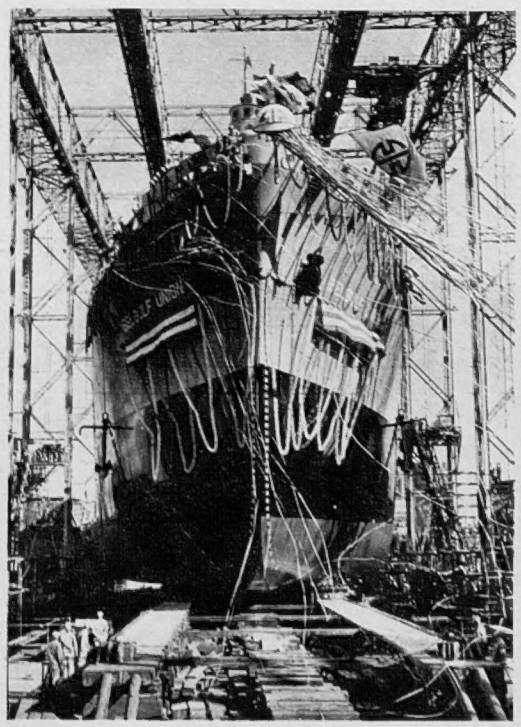
KING HUSSEIN IN LONDON

Below right: At the Jordanian Embassy in London, King Hussein smiles during a Press conference held at the end of his brief stay in Britain. He said the reason for his visit was to have a general medical check-up, the results of which showed that he was well except for strain and fatigue. King Hussein went on to say the situation had become easier in Jordan recently. He returned to his country last week

THE NEW RULER OF BAHRAIN

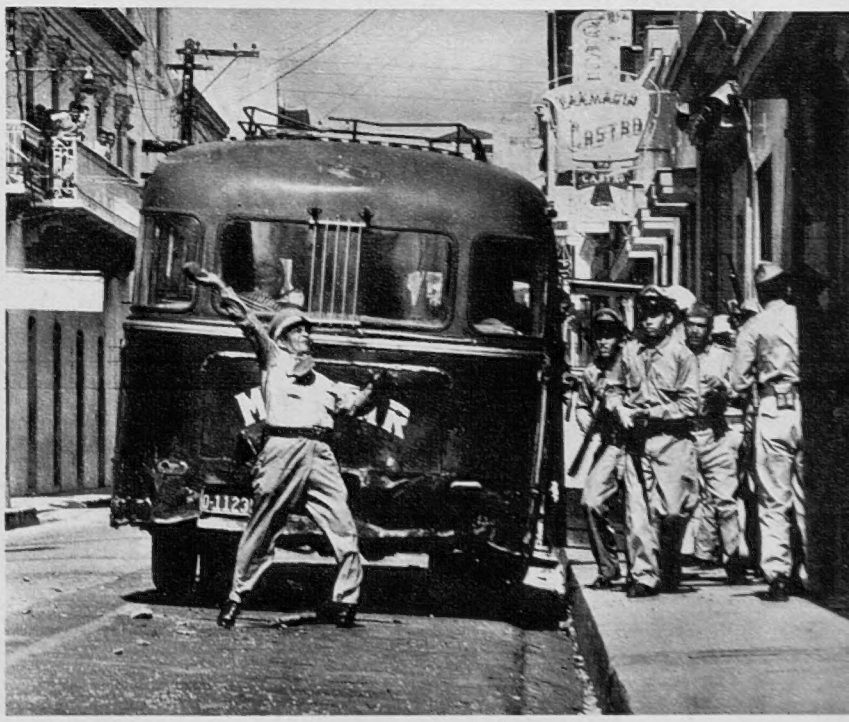
Far right: Mr. Morgan Man, Her Britannic Majesty's Counsellor in Bahrain, congratulates the new ruler of the state on the Persian Gulf, Sheikh Isa Bin Sulman Al-Khalifah, after the ceremony of succession in the Palace at Manama. The Sheikh was named to succeed after his father's death last autumn

The launching in the Kawasaki Dockyard at Kobe, in Japan, of the first ship ever to be built in Japan for Belgium. The ship, named the S.S. *Belgulf Union*, is an oil tanker of 12,500 tons and was built in 123 days. She weighs 18,000 tons and will operate in European waters. She was launched by Madame Eugene du Bois, the wife of the Belgian Ambassador to Japan



A BELGIAN SHIP BUILT IN JAPAN

A policeman hurls a tear-gas grenade at demonstrators in the heart of Santo Domingo (formerly Ciudad Trujillo), the capital of the Dominican Republic. The demonstration took place outside the visa section of the Consulate of the U.S.A. in Santo Domingo, after reports had been circulated that Consular officials were issuing visas to persons alleged to have been informers for the recently deposed Government of Generalissimo Trujillo. Demonstrations were also staged in protest against the inability of President Balaguer to reach agreement with the largest Opposition group. But last week, however, the President announced the formation of a Provisional Government

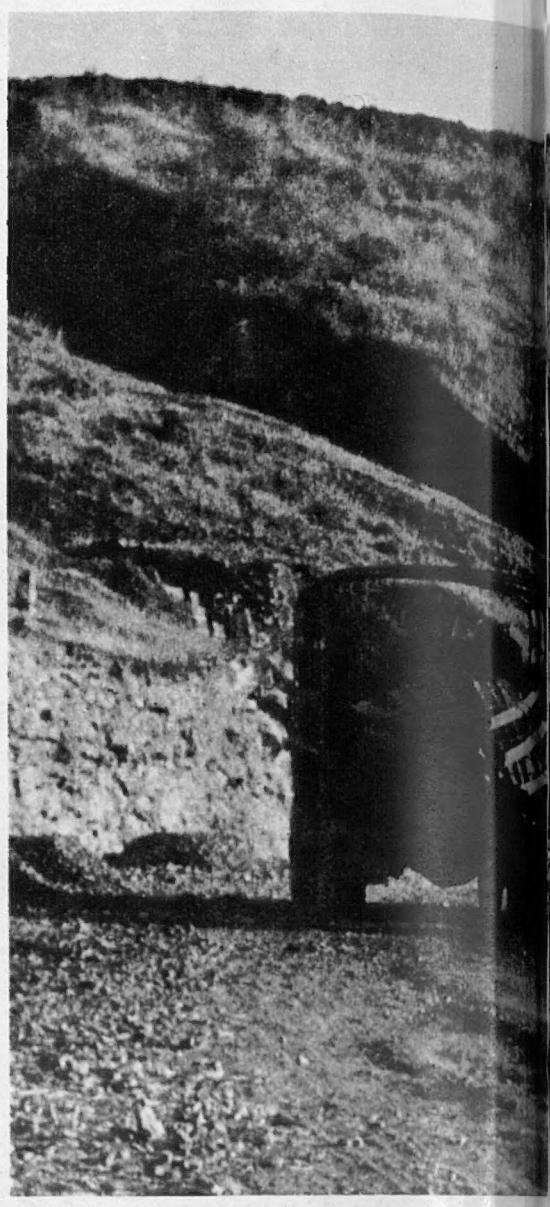


TEAR-GAS USED AGAINST DOMINICAN DEMONSTRATORS

A Portuguese flag is carried at the head of a column of marchers in Lisbon protesting against India's invasion of Goa

Indian hopes of a quick victory in Goa appeared to have materialised by Thursday of last week. Three days previously a three-pronged attack had been launched with heavy artillery support against the Portuguese territory. Two other Portuguese enclaves, Diu and Daman, were also invaded and fell almost immediately. In Goa itself the fighting was virtually over once the capital, Panjim, had been taken over by Indian paratroops. There was no precise news about the Portuguese Governor-General, General Vassalo e Silva. Some reports said he had been captured by the Indians, others that he had escaped. Before the mopping-up operations were concluded, Major-General Candeth, the Indian Military Governor, had set up his administration. Meanwhile, Mr. Krishna Menon, India's Defence Minister, had set out for the U.N. in New York to answer the Portuguese charges of "aggression."

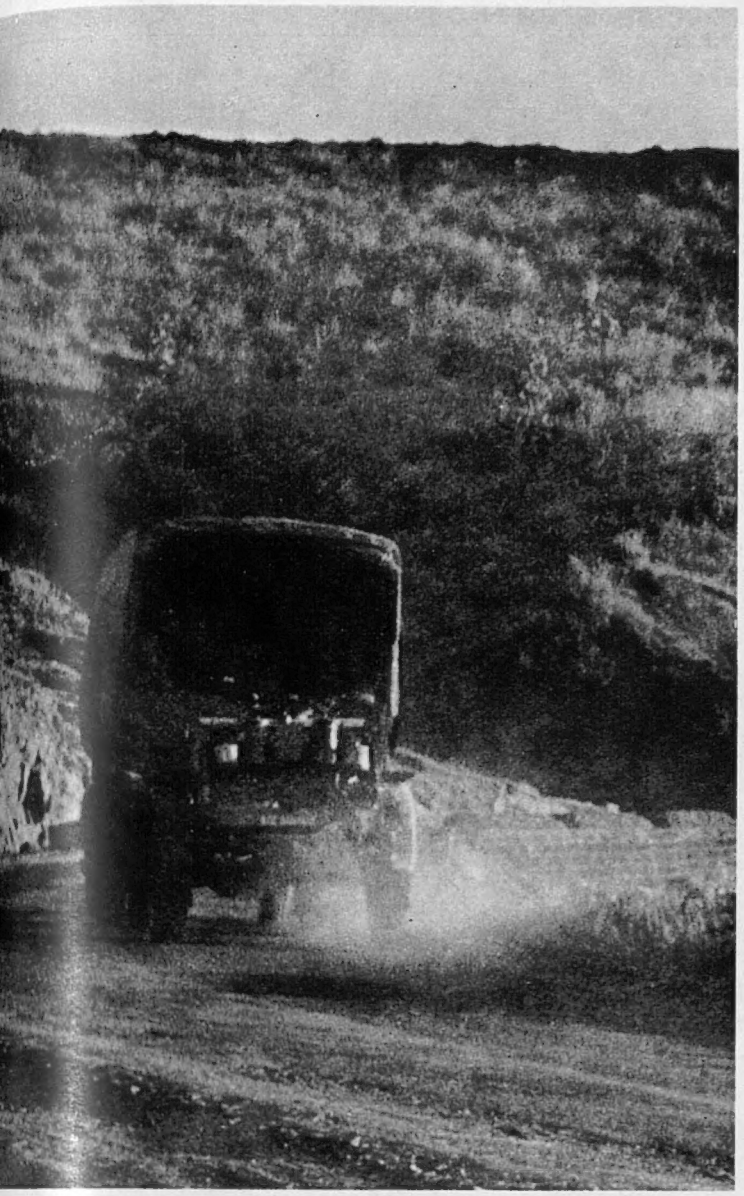
In another of the world's trouble spots, Congo, there was uneasy calm in Elisabethville following the fifteen days of fighting between the U.N. forces and the Katangans. There were hopes that a formal cease-fire might be agreed as a result of the meeting between Mr. Adoula, Central Congolese Prime Minister, and President Tshombe, of Katanga, at Kitona, the U.N. base at the mouth of the Congo River. Among those with Mr. Adoula was Mr. Bomboko, his Foreign Minister. Dr. Bunche and General McKeown, of the U.N., and Mr. Edmund Gullion, the U.S. Ambassador, who had done much to bring about the Adoula-Tshombe meeting, were holding themselves ready for consultations if required.



Lorries of the Indian Army move along a road towards the

Mr. Tshombe prepares to leave Ndola, Rhodesia, for Kitona for his talks with Mr. Adoula. With him are Lord Alport (centre), British High Commissioner to the Rhodesia-Nyasaland Federation, and Mr. Gullion, U.S. Ambassador in Leopoldville. **Below:** Mr. Adoula (left) in Leopoldville with Mr. Bomboko, Dr. Bunche, General Mobutu and General McKeown

A Katangan family flees for safety from one of the battle zones in Elisabethville



der with Goa. They had started from Belgaum, the Indian H.Q. for the attack

GOA AND CONGO

Senor Varin (left) of Portugal, Mr. Barnes, Liberia, and Mr. Loutfi, U.A.R., at the U.N.

Two Indian soldiers in battledress make purchases in the market in Belgaum

Katangan troops retire from the centre of Elisabethville in face of the United Nations offensive against them

A United Nations mortar group in action

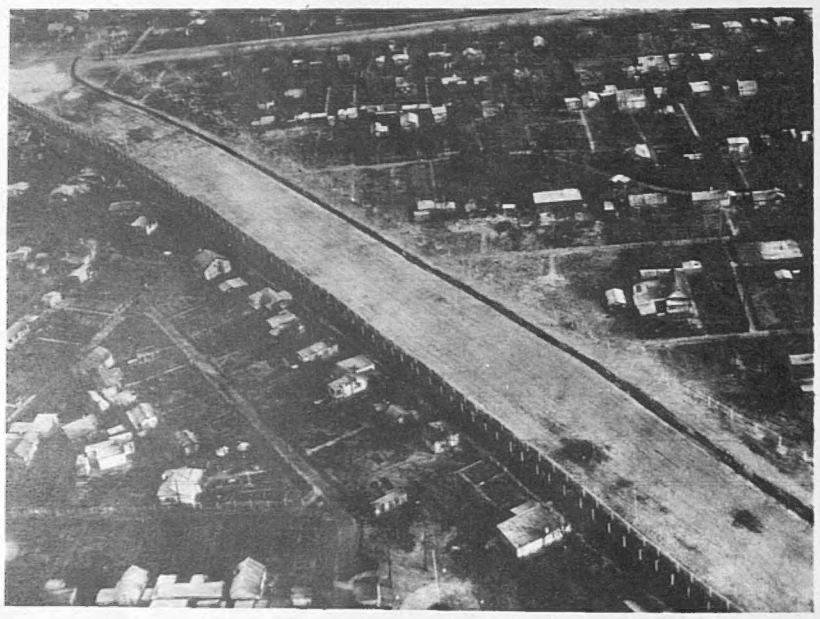
JOHN CONNELL

THE HEART OF THE MATTER

To learn verse or prose by heart has never come easily to me; whenever I make a quotation without reference, I make it haltingly and inaccurately. Not long after the Second World War I learned from Sir Ronald Storrs that he kept a series of private anthologies—chap-books, he called them—in which he preserved extracts from books, newspaper and magazine articles and the like, which he had read and enjoyed, but which he knew might otherwise disappear even from his extremely capacious and retentive memory. His idea, it seemed to me, offered a way out of my especial difficulty; I borrowed and adapted it to my own purpose. In seventeen years I have filled two bulging notebooks; and in 1962 I must begin a third.

It is astonishing how these chap-books have enriched my thoughts and my feelings. Because the choice has always been my own, made in privacy, and for no other reason than joy in the writing and an intense desire—overcoming laziness, apathy and a constant surfeit of reading—to preserve and deepen that joy, I read and re-read them with a loving attention such as I bestow on no published anthology.

In someone with my interests and my outlook it is surprising perhaps that very few extracts deal directly with political issues, national or international—a mordant little poem from *Punch* about the Suez Agreement of 1954, and several of Peter Simple's more withering blasts of common sense and common decency, are about the sum—but these little books, after all, are not merely my individual Press-cutting service.



Barbed-wire fences and a wide strip of " no-man's-land " divide the districts of Neukoelln (foreground) in West Berlin and Treptow in the East Sector

I cannot therefore find in my 1961 entries a single reference, however oblique, to the various topics which, in the field of world affairs, have perplexed my mind and weighed on my heart; but I do find two poems about the First World War, a wildly funny article by Professor C. Northcote Parkinson on " Comparative Chairmanship," some observations on the difficulty and the constructiveness of joy from a novel by my friend, William Buchan, and a letter to *The Guardian* about its more splendidly lunatic misprints. What, no Berlin? No Kenya? No lucid exposition of the Laos problem? No uplift from Mr. Nehru? Nothing on the horrors of neo-colonialism and the wickedness of the Katanga lobby?

No, not a line. But in the first few pages of the first book I find these words, taken from an anonymous article in *The Times Literary Supplement* of almost exactly fourteen years ago: " Unless writing on current politics can quicken the imagination, it will never stiffen the will; and vagueness and cant phrases often reflect confused thinking and conceal from the writer his own confusion."

Did I say " find " them, just by accident? No, those words have been and remain for me a guiding beacon whose light has never failed. Sometimes I may perhaps have shut my eyes to its steadying beam; but then the fault has been mine. Lord, deliver me from cant, which is the expression of a dead imagination and a feeble will. There, as much for a political writer as for a politician, is the perpetual enemy.

Can we honestly claim that 1961 has been a good and successful year in what ought to be the relentless and unending war on cant in politics? This is not an academic question at all, since I believe that if our world, with its appalling weapons of mass-destruction ever on hand, does go down in final disaster, it will be because of cant. It will be because, instead of facing and telling the truth about disagreeable issues, we have equivocated and evaded, taking refuge in pompous, noble-sounding but nonsensical vagueness. Who can begin to assess, for example, the amount of cant uttered in the past twelve months on any or all of the following important matters: Western defence and the new role of Nato; Cuba and Castro as a non-Communist; democracy in Ghana; the future of white settlement in East and Central Africa; the United Nations' behaviour over Katanga, the status of the Chinese People's Republic, and the future of Berlin?

We faced at the beginning of 1961, as everyone with an ounce of gumption was bound to admit, a difficult and dangerous year. Have we (and by " we " I mean the Government, Parliament and the electorate of the United Kingdom) done much, by word or deed, to improve the prospects in 1962 for ourselves and for the world as a whole? It seems to me that our decadence has deepened and our capacity for self-deceit has intensified. In our internal politics our obsession with sectional claims to increasing shares of a diminishing cake deadens our ability and our will to think and act with vigour, independence and courage on any important external matter.

An American spokesman accuses Britain of dragging her feet over her Nato commitments; a British spokesman, with a rush of statistics to the noddle, argues that our contribution to Nato is hardly smaller than that of the United States'. We dither and dither about entry into the European Economic Community, to such an extent that our oldest and staunchest friends begin to mistrust us. We have alienated the peoples of the old Commonwealth, without gaining the affections and the loyalty of the new. Anyone who wants to know what the ruling junta of Ghana really think and feel about Britain should read the latest Ghanaian White Paper. Anyone who wants to know what surviving British farmers in Kenya think and feel about Britain is welcome to read a selection of my Christmas letters from these brave, unhappy folk. Anyone who wants to know what the average educated Irishman thinks and feels about Britain now should ponder the depth and the range of the support which, in his own country, has been accorded to the ill-starred Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien. I happen to regard him as an intellectual who, with neither natural bent nor any test of training, assumed politico-military responsibilities far beyond his competence, and therefore as an architect—unintending, of course—of disaster in Africa. But to his fellow-countrymen he is the latest in a long line of noble Irish martyrs sacrificed to perfidious Albion.

Anyone who wants to know what Western Europe really thinks and feels about Britain should read the accounts of the Foreign Ministers' Conference in Paris a fortnight ago. Rightly, as I believe, the British Government for many months past has been in favour of negotiation with the Soviet Union on Berlin. But has that view prevailed? Haven't our allies and friends again and again refused to take even the first steps? In consequence do we not now face the dreadful wall across Berlin? Is not the plight of Berliners worse than it was when Mr. Khrushchev first began to bang the table? And can't the Russians, at any moment they want, plunge us again into a major crisis over Berlin, of which the only result will be a shameful retreat? What good have we, the British, done? Our heart, we know, isn't really in the matter.

What matter is our heart really in? Was there ever—since 1938—a more convincing example of the *malaise* from which, now as in the late 1930's, we are suffering? Though the consequences of not recovering from the *malaise* would be immeasurably worse than last time, there are signs now, as there were then, that the country is sounder and steadier than its leaders (in either Party). There were pitiful and preposterous facets to the speed with which the Government, which on a Thursday evening thought they could get away with supplying 1,000-lb. bombs to the U.N.s Indian Canberras, had decided on the following Monday afternoon that such an action would be morally indefensible; but the important truth must not be obscured, that the people, through their M.P.s, made the Government change their mind. To ordinary people in Britain, however cleverly the thing might have been dressed up, it would have been an abomination to let those bombs be sent and used. Cant had not prevailed, and the Government were confronted by a moral, as well as a political, reality. Their somersault was far from dignified, but at least they came to a moment of truth and achieved a tardy—and probably temporary—conversion. For those with any responsibility in international affairs (and we all have some) one New Year resolution is surely worth making: to continue to fight cant, in all weathers, and on all issues.

Then there are those assiduous removers of motes from others' eyes—Mr. Nehru and his supporters. Even *The Times* (which, in its day has not been guiltless of cant) was stirred, on the morning after India's invasion of Goa, to observe about the Press Trust of India's boast that the assault had been preceded " by a mighty thunder of artillery fire ": " How quickly these apostles of non-violence can pick up the jargon of militarism." Oh, for that New Year resolution, and for the will and the courage to keep it !

Banners and flags to greet President Kennedy are carried by the vast crowd crammed in the Calle Fortaleza in San Juan, the capital of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. This was the first stop in his recent tour on which, accompanied by his wife, he flew some 5,000 miles in little more than two days to visit Puerto Rico, Venezuela and Colombia. The purpose of the President's trip was to boost his Alliance for Progress programme of economic aid for Latin America. In a speech in San Juan he described the Alliance as "the great adventure of the Americans in our time." On his return to the United States to prepare for his meeting with Mr. Macmillan in Bermuda, Mr. Kennedy was reported to be suffering from a severe cold

WELCOME FOR PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Dame Flora Robson lays the foundation-stone of the new Prince Charles Theatre in Leicester Square. Named after the Prince of Wales, the theatre will seat 500 and forms part of a multi-storey block of offices and flats

In the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, Mr. Siegfried Sassoon unveils a memorial tablet to a fellow poet, Walter de la Mare. Watching is the Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Matthews

Amid the crowds in Trafalgar Square, a ring of Norwegian girls dance round the Christmas tree presented by the Mayor and citizens of Oslo. The occasion was the switching on of the illuminations for the tree, the fifteenth given to London by Oslo. As part of the ceremony, Norwegian carols were sung

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

1962 AND ALL THAT. A Happy New Year? I suppose it can still be enjoyed by all not cursed with acute imagination who manage to derive contentment and interests from within themselves. But what chances and changes may come to redound to our welfare in the New Year from external sources are as difficult as ever to prophesy. For the sword of prophecy and hope has almost outworn its sheath. The human race seems to be passing through a valley of the shadows and its upward climb to civilisation and decency again looks like being slow and hard. For my part I consider that upward agony depends on more strenuous efforts by the common man. He must save himself and the world by his exertions. World leaders have tried and lamentably failed. Accordingly, I subscribe in principle to all groups of men in societies, fellowships and working parties, whether religious or political, which have come together to work by constitutional means to that end, the redemption of the human race from the nadir into which it has fallen, and I accept as true the slogans of one such body: "Personal goodness is not enough," and (cited from Edmund Burke) "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing." You may question whether there is anything they *can* do in this strident and confused Babel which is our world today. How about toying with a little experiment in substituting smiles for frowns, kind words for curses, restraint for threats, civilised and even Christian behaviour for barbarities in speech and action? We might begin in 1962 in a small way in our own homes; then, greatly daring, extend the experiment to the streets and in public transport and on the roads. The simplest ideas often are quickest to catch on. World leaders might catch on to the idea if it began to be popular. It is conceivable that if the fashion of smiling caught on during 1962, our hopes of a happier New Year in 1963 might be at shorter odds. Why not try self-help smiles? After all, it would not be altogether a revolutionary idea. "Our cosmos is all ego" is not a universal truth. About half the population of my village (and no doubt yours) have been smiling for years and performing useful services without thought of reward or personal ambitions. The practice merely needs extending.

BOMBS FOR PEACE. It would need a bolder amateur of current politics than I to pontificate on Congo events. When I read the conflicting judgments of so-called experts, I might be tempted to add to the muddle-mindedness; but I am not. I suppose that in the late debate on the Congo, Mr. Heath and Mr. Macmillan were judged to have largely quelled the mutiny in their own ranks and "answered" the Opposition, whose protagonists were perhaps not in their best form or at their most lucid. But (it seemed to me) both the Premier's and Mr. Heath's sweet reasonableness and their defence of consistency throughout came too late in the day to wipe out the damage done to them. Take only the matter of the "bombs for peace." I still await a decisive justification of the Government's acceptance of the U.N.'s request for a supply of bombs utterly unsuited for the avowed purposes for which they were intended to be used in the framework of the U.N.'s restricted policy in the Congo. The conditions which the Government soon after attached for elucidation before supplying the bombs still seem to me an admission of a too-hasty decision. All Governments make mistakes. Very seldom are they willing to admit them. If this was an error of judgment, it was a serious one, and I could wish it had been more lucidly and frankly acknowledged. Certain it is that in this critical situation, both the U.N. and the British Government need all the support and justification that the sane residue of the human race can give them.

SOLVITUR AMBULANDO. The right of the Western Powers to half Berlin and their duty to maintain themselves in it at all costs (and these have been uncountable) have been articles of faith with America and Britain ever since Eisenhower failed to appreciate Montgomery's "major strategy" and, by not forestalling the Russians, failed to bag the lot. And now this bone of contention, Berlin, disintegrating 100 miles outside the Western boundary, has not much meat left in it for the dogs of the cold war on either side. Berlin

The City of London continues to present a changing face. Between the Old Bailey and St. Paul's a 180-ft.-high, twelve-storey group of three office blocks, built by Myton Limited of the Taylor Woodrow Group, is nearing completion. On part of the site stood the historic Belle Sauvage Inn, where Princess Pocahontas is reputed to have stayed in 1681

was always a vulgar city, in the golden days of Bismarck and of Kaiser William. Even the social butterfly, Daisy Pless, loathed it. Today, in the East and West sectors, it can hardly be said to be attractive. Those who lived in the East have been flying from its horrors at the risk of their lives for years. Recently an increasing exodus has been reported from West Berlin. The bone of contention is becoming dry and unpalatable. It could be argued that face-saving is all that keeps the West there; and is any form of vanity so expensive as face-saving? To quit would be to concede victory to the Communists. It would be much more important to concede victory to common sense. But common sense is a rare commodity today and for lack of it in our leaders our money is poured down the drain. Some figurative bone of contention, set in solid gold, should be placed in a niche in an international shrine, shaped like a kennel, at the Brandenburg Gate, with the motto: " Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war." How long can this dry bone live? There, perhaps, is an argument for turning it into a relic.

" NO NEW THING." Re-reading in the way of business some political and social memoirs of the first decades of the nineteenth century and browsing again for recreation among Trollope's novels, I conclude that 50 per cent. of our hideous modern slang terms, which we usually condemn as imports from America, were in current use in pre-Reform Bill England or the mid-Victorian era. For instance, in *Is He Popenjoy?*, Trollope writes that the Dean had " beaten up " the Marquis, a lamentable attack which we must " face up to " as not unknown in peaceful Victorian days. And several times in re-reading Creevey's papers I have come across expressions which old-stagers often trounce as barbarous modern attempts to sully the pure spring of the English language. We must revise the notion that those Americans took away (with the Pilgrim fathers) merely a few respectable antiques of that period, such as " gotten," and accept it that the first American Senators and other tourists to visit us acquired in England, exported and re-imported, a score of examples current in mid-Victorian times which today we condemn as newly-coined and ugly slang.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

HOLIDAYS IN 1962

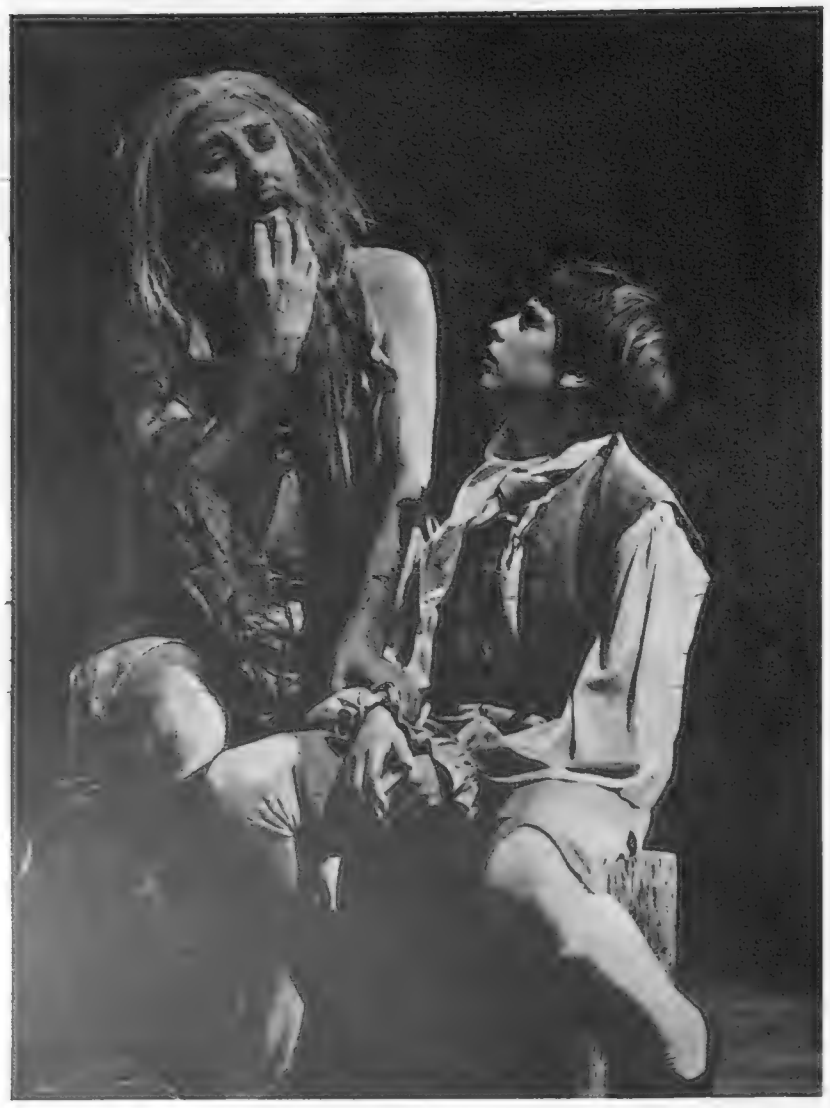
The annual section with articles by Gordon Cooper deals with resorts and tours and offers advice for a wide variety of holidays

" DO IT YOURSELF " HAIRCUTTING. The barber, like every other craftsman, must make a living. But he must not price himself out of his markets. I have sometimes felt, while waiting at the end of a long queue reading year-old copies of some motoring magazine, surrounded by other men's hair-clippings, that 4s. 6d. is a high price to pay for a professional hair-cut for a bald man. A correspondent to *The Times* recently assured mankind that it is quite easy to cut one's own hair and that tools for the purpose are available and cheap. It is true that a match or a taper can, in cool, skilled hands, do good work at the sides. The back is not so easy, even with a clever system of reflecting mirrors. One can clear the fur at the nape of the neck with clippers or a razor, but a neat, tapering clip of the back hair is difficult for a self-help amateur till he learns that in looking-glass language right is left and left is right. Personally, I don't have to concern myself with the top of the head. My advice to young men about to marry is not Mr. Punch's " Don't," but to insist that his bride-to-be takes a course of instruction in the barber's art and qualifies to do him over regularly on the last Saturday in the month. Barbering is easier to learn than cooking, though both are very skilled trades.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

CHRISTMAS CHOICE

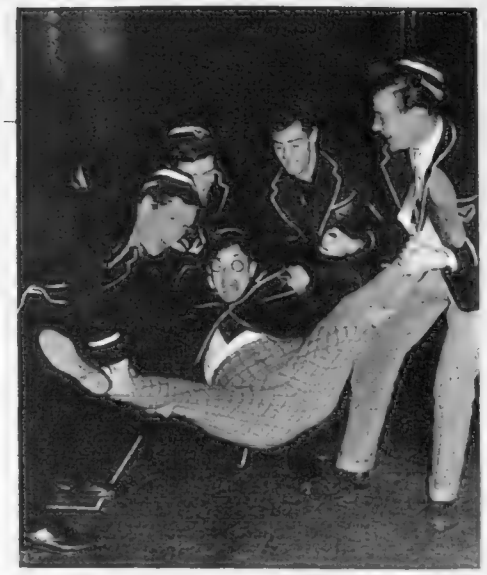


TREASURE ISLAND: Ben Gunn (Spike Milligan) and Jim Hawkins (Sean Scully) in the production at the Mermaid Theatre

PETER PAN: In the production of Barrie's play at the Scala, Captain Hook (John Gregson) is foiled in his attempt to attack Peter Pan (Anne Heywood)

There is a wide variety of entertainment this season for the theatregoer with or without children, but only one pantomime in the West End. It is perhaps injudicious to draw the conclusion from this that the pantomime as such will soon disappear, since in London's outer reaches there are plenty on offer. Upholding the honour of this traditional form in central London is *Little Old King Cole* at the Palladium, with Charlie Drake in the lead. Directed by Robert Nesbitt, it has a new story based on the nursery rhyme and a great deal of spectacle. For those who like to take their pantomime in a Victorian manner there is *Cinderella* at the Player's, as Byron wrote it in 1860. At the Scala, there is Barrie's *Peter Pan*, starring Anne Heywood, Jane Asher and John Gregson. It is the fifty-third season that Peter has come flying in through that window. Christmas plays for children are in a strong position this year, with the Mermaid's rumbustious production of *Treasure Island* (including Spike Milligan as Ben Gunn), *Toad of Toad Hall* in matinees at the Saville and *Billy Bunter Shipwrecked* in matinees at the Victoria Palace. At that theatre you could well stay on for the Crazy Gang in their farewell show *Young at Heart*. Circus honours are upheld as usual by Bertram Mills at Olympia, with a roster of new acts. For Christmas entertainment on ice, there is *The Wizard of Oz* at the Empire Pool, Wembley.

Jolyon Wimhurst



BILLY BUNTER SHIPWRECKED: A typical fate for Billy Bunter (Peter Bridgmont). He is bumped by his friends in a scene from the Christmas production to be seen, matinees only, at the Victoria Palace Theatre

THE WIZARD OF OZ ON ICE: The Evil Witch (Barbel Martin) in the spectacular production at the Empire Pool, Wembley

THE NUTCRACKER: John Gilpin rejoins the Festival Ballet at the Royal Festival Hall to dance the Prince in Tchaikowsky's ballet

Peter Pan flies in the window and startles yet another generation of Darling children—Wendy (Jane Asher); Michael (Gerald Rowland); and John (Christopher Turner)

THE BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS: Two of the acts to be seen this Christmas at Olympia are the balancing act of the Geradis and Gösta Kruse and his Elephants. The circus, in London until February 3, contains a number of acts new to Britain

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

NEW ZEALAND

Developments expected in meat trading overseas

New Zealand meat producers and exporters expect big developments in retail meat trading overseas. These should give this country new opportunities to expand sales in the years ahead.

For seventy-five years New Zealand has been a producer-wholesaler of meat, shipping its product in carcases, but there is now large-scale activity in the cutting and pre-packing of meat for sale abroad.

Further steps in this type of marketing are expected to follow the investigations of recent overseas delegations from the New Zealand Meat Producers' Board, the New Zealand Meat Export Development Company and export firms generally.

Major retailing developments expected to operate in New Zealand's favour include:

A big increase in the use of domestic deep-freeze equipment in homes throughout North America, with a consequent increase in the use of frozen products.

The growth of trade in prepared and packaged meats from frozen-food retail cabinets.

Similar, though more gradual, developments in retail presentation in retail markets overseas.

Sound foundations for expansion in this field are already being laid and developments in the near future will begin a revolutionary phase in meat exporting.

Meanwhile, the New Zealand meat export trade continues to grow. Earnings for the first nine months of 1961 were £67,367,000, an increase of £3,000,000 over the 1960 period.

The percentage of sales outside Britain is increasing. For the full export year they were 107,000 tons, over 25 per cent of the total shipped. Principal markets outside the United Kingdom were the United States (57,400 tons), and Japan (19,400 tons). Other leading markets were Canada, Greece, the West Indies and Caribbean, Hawaii, the Pacific Islands, Jordan and Belgium. New markets this year include Egypt, Sweden and Cyprus. About 500 shops in Tokyo are now selling New Zealand meat, compared with fifty a year ago.

Mr. Dayus (right), the New Zealand Government's Agricultural Adviser in London since 1952, with Mr. Doyle who is to succeed him

According to Mr. Joshio Nirasawa, leader writer of the Japan *Economic Journal*, the recently-established market for New Zealand meat in Japan can be expanded still further.

Mr. Nirasawa, who has been visiting New Zealand, said New Zealanders must understand that the dietary habits of the Japanese, especially those under thirty, have changed enormously, and this provides New Zealand with an extraordinary opportunity for expansion. "Think of the opportunity," he said, "that 100,000,000 Japanese, with an ever-increasing demand for the products for which New Zealand is so well known, can provide. My daughter, aged twelve, is typical of the rising generation. She is just crazy for beef and mutton, for butter, cheese and milk. So are all her classmates."

Mr. Nirasawa said that at one time, and that not so long ago, the Japanese lived in the main on rice and fish. "Some of the older people prefer it that way, but not the rising generation."

Trade, he emphasized, must be a two-way matter, and he believed that Japan and New Zealand could complement each other. "There is room for tremendous expansion, to the mutual benefit of both our countries," he said.

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

MONARCHIES AND REPUBLICS

Possible changes in Nigeria, Sierra Leone and Tanganyika

It may seem a curious anomaly for a monarch to be the titular head of an association some of whose members are Republics. However, this situation exists in the Commonwealth today, and is likely to become more widespread.

The first Republic to be accepted within the Commonwealth framework was India, which defined its position at the London Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in 1949. At this conference unanimous agreement was reached to the effect that the Republic of India was to remain a full member of the Commonwealth and would accept the Queen as "the symbol of the free association of its independent member nations, and, as such, the head of the Commonwealth." Prior to this there had been no exceptions from Dominion status among member nations.

Accordingly India became a sovereign Republic on January 26, 1950, and was followed six years later by Pakistan.

In Africa, the first Commonwealth country to achieve Republican status was Ghana, which had been the first British colony in West Africa to receive independence. Ghana became a Republic in 1960. Recent remarks made by leading politicians in the three other Commonwealth members in Africa—Nigeria, Sierra Leone and Tanganyika—indicate that the achievement of Republican status by these countries is probably only a matter of time.

Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, Prime Minister of the Federation of Nigeria since 1957, pictured in London earlier this year

The Governor-General of Nigeria, Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, recently suggested to a university gathering that Nigeria might become a Republic by 1963. More cautious opinions were expressed soon after by the Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa at a Press Conference in Lagos.

Young oil palms on the Ijebu plantations, Western Nigeria

WEALTH

The Queen on the throne in the Nigerian Federal House of Representatives in Lagos, during her visit to Nigeria with the Duke of Edinburgh in 1956

He made three main points: first, that should the present constitution be changed to a Republican one, it should be done by the whole country. " There is no question of any section trying to make this change all alone "; secondly, that if in a Nigerian Republic the Head of State were to have any powers and responsibilities besides those of the present Governor-General, then he would have to be elected by a popular vote; thirdly, the time was ripe, said the Prime Minister, for a debate on the changing of the present constitution. " If the country is so anxious to have the change I am ready today," he added.

He stressed that he was speaking as an individual Nigerian citizen who had a right to express his views, and not as the Prime Minister of the Federal Government, nor as a leading member of the Northern Peoples' Congress. Sir Abubakar said that he supported the idea of Republicanism because of his experience in working the present constitution in the past year. He did not think that Afro-Asian countries could remain for long as dominions and at the same time as part of the Commonwealth. Many new Afro-Asian countries could not understand the positions of Dominions in the Commonwealth.

He cited the example of the appointment of a Nigerian ambassador to a foreign country. First he had to write to Buckingham Palace and then the letter of appointment had to be signed by the Queen. This could hardly be understood in many Afro-Asian countries.

He said that he would like to meet the Regional Premiers to discuss the possibility of the convening of a Constituent Assembly. " But as someone has said, the constitution is a very unifying factor," he continued. " Every care must be taken how we start to tamper with it. If not we might end up in a row."

Republican kites have also been flown in Sierra Leone. For example, Dr. John Karefa-Smart, the Sierra Leone Minister for External Affairs, mentioned it during a Press Conference at the United Nations last October. He said: " Sierra Leone, now a Dominion with Queen Elizabeth as Head of State, may very soon become a Republic, but the country hopes to have good relations with the Commonwealth." In Freetown, however, it was stated that the Sierra Leone Government had not given this any serious thought.

Tanganyika, although only attaining independence this month, is also expected to become a Republic. The position here is perhaps special, in that Tanganyika was administered by Britain as a United Nations Trusteeship prior to independence. Tanganyika thus finds itself in the position of becoming a monarchy on becoming independent. Asked about this while he was passing through London recently, Mr. Julius Nyerere, Tanganyika's Prime Minister, replied: " I think all the African countries are bound to end up as republics."

MANGOES FROM KENYA FOR BRITAIN

Sheikh Omar bin Dahman, the Chairman of the Malindi Farmers' Co-operative Society in Kenya and a pioneer of the mango export business, supervises the picking of mangoes on his 200-acre plantation. **Below:** Labourers carrying the freshly-picked fruit are on their way to the packing station where it is prepared for export by air to Britain. The idea of exporting mangoes from Malindi, which is north of Mombasa, was conceived in 1954 by the local Agricultural Officer. He found much support among growers and markets in Britain were contacted. Exporting began in 1957, 271 boxes being sent to Britain in that year. Since then there has been a great increase in the numbers dispatched annually. The Malindi Farmers' Co-operative Society was formed in 1959 and took over responsibility for the export from the Agricultural Department which now acts in an advisory capacity. The majority of the Society's members are Arabs

CHRISTMAS DANCES IN BRAZIL

As the dancers prepare for traditional Christmas mime-dramas

Peri the Indian is brought low in the fight with the Master's Assistant. The part of the Indian is traditionally played by a woman wearing a false moustache

Right: One of the clowns. The design on his face is changed for each dance

At Maceio, on Brazil's Atlantic coast, the fisherfolk of this busy port for generations have held the monopoly of performing the traditional dance dramas of the Christmas season. For weeks beforehand, the dancers rehearse their roles for the grand opening night on Christmas Eve. They wear elaborate, scintillating costumes, most of which are renewed each year. Many hours of patient work go into their creation. The leader of the dance group is called the Master, supported by one or two assistants. Shown on this page is a typical drama of the Master's struggle against a villain called Peri the Indian, who is eventually slain. In each of the stories, there are two clowns, who play tambourines, and music is supplied by an accordion, a drum and other tambourines. The dances themselves are a mixture of Christian and pagan. Some celebrate Christmas Day and others have evolved from the rites of aboriginal Indians. Modern elements are added—popular figures with the audiences are Mosquito-swatters, symbolising the twentieth-century's fight against malaria by means of their spray-guns.

The dancers are elaborately costumed for their traditional roles—from left are a Master's Assistant; the Master; a vassal of Peri the Indian; and two clowns with their tambourines

The western coast of Scotland—passing Loch Long and the entrance to Loch Goil on the road to Argyll

The anchorage on the Leven at Balloch full of craft from Loch Lomond

BY ROAD IN SCOTLAND

By **GLEN ROY**

Planning spring or summer holidays is one way of alleviating the rigours of winter. Annually, Scotland draws an increasing number of visitors, many of whom return year after year to tour by car their favourite regions. But there are also visitors, from home and abroad, who in the coming year will be travelling the routes into and through Scotland for the first time. From Carlisle, there are three roads—by Nithsdale to Ayrshire and the Clyde resorts, by Dumfries to the Galloway coast, or over Beattock summit to Lanark, Stirling, Perth and Strathspey. To continue to the Western Highlands, the motorist can drive up the side of Loch Lomond towards Oban; or make for Glencoe and the Great Glen to Inverness, and then to Wester Ross and the isolated peaks of Sutherland.

The motorist, who crosses the Border by the East Coast route, can make either for Edinburgh and Queensferry, by the fertile Lothian plain and its rim of golfing and beach resorts, or strike westwards up Tweeddale to the Scott country and the Border Abbeys. Inverness forms the great traffic junction for the Far North. The Easter Ross coast road provides magnificent scenery, crossing into Sutherland at the Dornoch Firth and then by the Ord of Caithness into the northern tip of Scotland. (It is

(Concluded on following page)

The flat Solway coast and the rounded hump of the Griffel, looking towards the estuary of the Nith, Dumfriesshire

Ruined Ardvreck castle on Loch Assynt, in the north of Scotland on the Ullapool-Lochinver road

BY ROAD IN SCOTLAND

(*Concluded from previous page*)

considered unlucky for a Sinclair to cross the Ord on a Monday since a large party of the clan travelled that way to Flodden from which none returned.) This region of Scotland is formed by desolate lowlands, patterned by stone walls. The most famous spot is John O'Groats. From the coast, Orkney can be seen across the stormy Pentland Firth.

Scotland apparently will always exercise for the Englishman that particular fascination which has been a feature of romantic verse and romantic novels in the last couple of centuries. The combination of a wild scenery of gaunt mountain and land-locked water and a long and much-sung history colours any picture of Scotland. Today the roads through many regions offer a charm that is attracting not only English but foreign visitors in increasing numbers. Any collector of foreign car number plates would do well to station himself on one of the main routes crossing the Border.

Auldgirth Bridge in Nithsdale, one of the prettiest sections of the route from Carlisle to the north

Below: Camping in wild grandeur by the shore of Loch Triochatan, Glencoe, a site overshadowed by Aonach Dubh and Aonach Eagach

Stirling, the gateway to the Highlands, is seen from the walls of its ancient castle

Trout fishing on Loch Ard, near Aberfoyle

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

WHY PEOPLE GO TO BANBURY

Banbury—by name, at any rate—must be one of the best-known towns in Britain. Every English child has heard of it and in fancy been to Banbury Cross to see a fine lady on a white horse. I suppose that everyone has eaten a Banbury cake at some time or other. That is just about all that the average Briton, not living in Banbury, knows about the place.

Take myself, for example: I should not like even to guess at the number of times I have been through Banbury. It is on my normal route to the north. I must pass through it a score or more times a year, and I have been doing so for many years. But, except for a hurried snack—it is just about lunch-time from my home—I have never stopped in Banbury, until the other day, when, on a homeward journey, I had time to spare and thought I might as well explore the town. There must, I thought, be something about the place; for I have never passed through when it has not been full, the car-parks crammed and the pavements too crowded for comfort.

You cannot get more than an impression of a place on a brief visit, and I had no more than the afternoon to spare, so I thought I had better ask what there was to see and so fill in my time to the best advantage. Hall porters are usually mines of information, so I asked the porter of the hotel where I had lunch. His reply was brief: "Nothing, sir." Undeterred, I asked a car-park attendant. His reply was lengthier and more colourful, but it amounted to the same thing. I asked a policeman. He was anxious to help and gave the matter thought. Finally, he said: "Well, there 's the Cross."

So I went to have a look at the Cross. Passing through Banbury, I have always taken it for granted that this was the Cross of my nursery days, and so, I suspect, has every other tourist. Held up for a moment at the cross-roads and taking a fleeting glimpse, it looks tall and slender and "Gothic," not unlike an Eleanor Cross. But it is nothing of the sort. I do not know when or why the famous Cross of nursery-hood was pulled down, and I do not know when the present one was built. But it cannot be very old, because the statues are those of Queen Victoria, Edward VII and George V. It was a bit of a shock.

I was to have others. Banbury, historically, is a very old town. You would not think so, walking round it. True, there are some narrow streets and little openings, which may once have been small market-places, and there are some overhanging gables with good carving and plasterwork: but you do not, walking about busy Banbury on a weekday, get the impression of an ancient town as you would walking about, say, Stratford on Avon or Warwick. I was impressed, from this point of view, with what was missing. For example, there was a castle here, built in the twelfth century by a Bishop of Lincoln. I could not find a trace of it. Presumably there are some ruins somewhere, but no one seemed to know anything about them. There are usually some ruins, even if only a stone or two, where there was a castle and this castle was standing in the Civil War.

Also the parish church: you would expect so ancient a town to have an old parish church. Banbury's dates from the very end of the eighteenth century. It is an astonishing edifice. I do not know what style it is. "Composite" would, I think, be the best word. But it is, basically, just a large square, red sandstone building—the sort of thing that would have made a good furniture repository—with a quite extraordinary tower and a small dome, so that there is a vague suggestion of mosque about it. I got the impression that the architect had tried to please every one of the town fathers, compromised and failed. From the outside, this must surely be one of the ugliest churches in Britain. Inside, it is even more astonishing: a riot of colour. The chancel roof is blue with gilded stars, the pilasters red and decorated with wheat-ears and vines. The apse is painted and round the dome is a gilded text. I suppose you could call it garish, but, once my eyes had become accustomed, I found that I liked it.

The cross at Banbury, with its statues of Queen Victoria, Edward VII and George V

But it is astonishing to find such a church in a county of austere stone churches. Even more so when one remembers that Banbury has a long history of puritanical zeal. Ben Jonson's Zeal-in-the-Land Busy was a Banbury baker and a very zealous puritan. But, walking round Banbury, you realise that, though in Oxfordshire, Banbury is not of Oxfordshire spiritually, but much more closely related to Birmingham and the industrial Midlands. That does not account for the interior decoration of the church, but it does account in some measure for the absence of ancient buildings: no point in keeping anything that is not of use.

Apparently, the old parish church was blown up by the citizens in 1790, because it needed repair and it was thought that it would be cheaper to build a new one. It appears, there was once a wonderful room in the Reindeer Inn and this was sold to America in 1912, because the citizens thought they could make good use of the money. It seems the town plate was also sold, some time in Queen Victoria's reign, for much the same reason. My authority for these statements is an old lady with whom I got into conversation in a teashop, which happened to make original Banbury cakes. (I have since checked them; though her explanations may not have been correct, the facts certainly are.) She was quite upset about modern Banbury: "A market town trying to ape Birmingham," she said. "Never do it properly," she added with satisfaction. "But," I asked, "if there is nothing to see here, why is Banbury always so full? What do people come here for?" "To eat," was the reply.

I don't know about that. Perhaps that is why there are always so many lorries drawn up just off the main road through Banbury. Certainly, I have always found Banbury an excellent place for a snack. I had on this day a wonderful luncheon with huge helpings and at a most reasonable price. If you have never had a Banbury cake in Banbury, then stop the next time you are passing through. They are wholly different from the Banbury cakes you get elsewhere. If that old lady did not approve of her birthplace in its modern guise, she did approve of its cakes. She made a very hearty tea.

Banbury has changed in this respect, too. Shakespeare mentions Banbury. Bardolph, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, calls Slender "You Banbury cheese." He was not being polite. He was referring to the old proverb, "As thin as a Banbury cheese." That proverb arose because it was then thought impossible to get a good meal in Banbury. The lorry-drivers of today would not agree. Nor would I.

An attack from the right-wing on the Brentwood goal in their home game against Malvern College, won by Malvern 4—1

The Brentwood goalkeeper, M. S. Hodges, pushes the ball past the goal post for a corner. **Right:** The captains toss—R. J. Mayes (Brentwood) and M. S. Driver (Malvern)

PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOOTBALL

BRENTWOOD

V

MALVERN

Malvern College, visiting Brentwood School, started the game as favourites as they had had an impressive season, while the home side had lost their previous three matches by the odd goal. During the first half the Brentwood defence was hard pressed by the Malvern attack, which switched the ball rapidly from wing to wing. By half-time the visitors had scored two goals. In the second half Brentwood came back into the game when they scored from a corner, but were unable to capitalise on their further promising moves although they were pressing hard. Eventually Malvern broke away and T. M. Begg scored to put them securely in the lead. Then H. H. Pullan made it 4—1.

This match is the last to be photographed in the present series

P. E. Allen (Brentwood) and R. S. Jagger go for the ball. Right is P. M. Preston-Jones

Driver and G. Harvey (Brentwood) lose sight of the ball (visible behind Harvey)

Designed by Prince Albert as a gift to Queen Victoria, this silver-gilt table centre is decorated with models of her four favourite dogs. Reproduced by gracious permission of Her Majesty the Queen

ROYAL GIFTS AT CHRISTIE'S

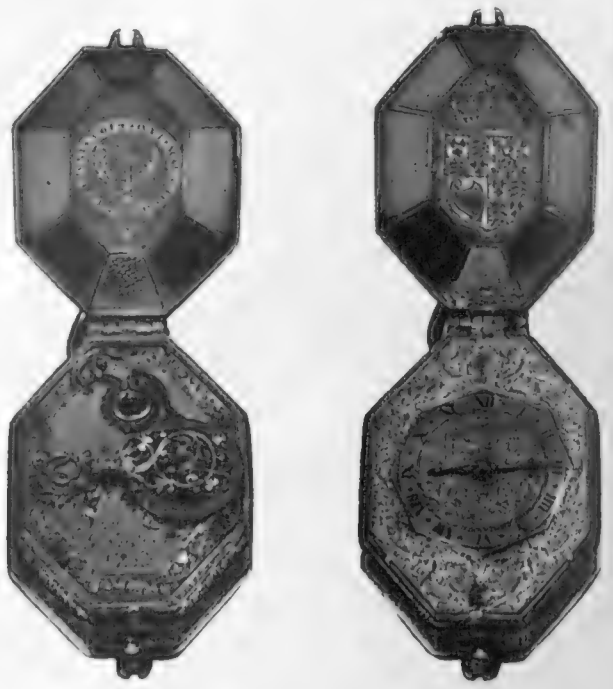
A Sèvres sucrier and two plates from the Egyptian service given to the first Duke of Wellington by Louis XVIII of France. Lent by the Duke of Wellington

Miniatures of Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince Regent painted by the Regent to Mrs. Fitzherbert after he became George IV. Lent

An unusual exhibition of Royal Gifts is being held at Christie's until January 21. Each item in the exhibition was originally a gift from a member of a British or Foreign Royal House. The Queen has lent seven historic items from her collection at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace. Other members of the Royal Family who have loaned gifts are Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and Princess Marina.

Outstanding among items lent by the Queen are the shirt worn by Charles I at his execution and a silver-gilt table centre, 30 ins. high, with a central dish on a pedestal surrounded by models of Queen Victoria's favourite dogs. This table centre was designed by Prince Albert and made by Robert Garrard in 1842. Also of interest among the Queen's loans are a table originally commissioned by Napoleon from the Sèvres factory to celebrate his military prowess, which was later given by Louis XVIII to George IV, portraits of Charles I and II, and other pieces of silverware.

Other exhibits include a scarf said to have been given by William the Conqueror to the Marshal of his army on the battlefield of Hastings, the bible which Charles I gave to Bishop Juxon on the way to the scaffold, and twenty-two of the 647 diamonds which made up the celebrated necklace of Marie Antoinette. There is also an oval silver box, engraved with flowers and thistles and the Prince of Wales' feathers, taken from Bonnie Prince Charlie's tent by the Duke of Cumberland after Culloden. The Exhibition is in aid of the Y.W.C.A.



A parcel gilt octagonal watch, lent by the Earl of Dalhousie, originally given by Charles I to Lord Panmure

. Cosway, R.A. These were given
Vinnifreda, Countess of Portarlington

Jewellery given by Czar Alexander I to a predecessor of the Marquis of Londonderry

A portrait of Charles II at the age of fourteen by William Dobson. Originally the property of Elizabeth of Bohemia, it passed to her son, Prince Rupert. Reproduced by gracious permission of Her Majesty the Queen

A portrait of James I as a small boy given by Mary Queen of Scots on the morning of her execution to Sir William Fitzwilliam, Constable of Fotheringhay Castle. Lent by the Earl Fitzwilliam

An ice-pail from the Sèvres Egyptian service of the first Duke of Wellington. Lent by the present Duke

TRAVEL

IN SOUTHERN AFRICA

By **GORDON COOPER**

Often in London when I sit in front of the fire, with a damp mist swirling outside, I feel like Mrs. Jellyby " looking far away into Africa." Nowadays you can easily reach the southern portion of the continent, either by air (BOAC, UAA, etc.) or more leisurely by comfortable ships (Union-Castle, Ellerman and other lines). Many people must consider that a holiday there offers not only an opportunity for complete recuperation but also a trip which is something different.

One advantage of travelling by air is that it provides opportunities for breaking your journey in such territories as Uganda, Kenya and Rhodesia. There are organised tours which offer these facilities. If you merely wish to see as much as you can of Southern Africa in a limited time there is also a variety of inclusive holidays.

I suggest that if you wish to absorb the true atmosphere and character of a country that it is better to choose some suitable spot and stay there. Your choice may well be decided by your tastes, especially if you are interested in seeing wild life, prehistoric rock art or traditional native life. But if you are content to take your holiday in some peaceful spot, I offer the following three recommendations: in the Union, the Drakensberg; and in the Federation, either the Vumba or a nine-day cruise round that inland sea, Lake Nyasa.

The Drakensberg is the most mountainous area of the Union, comparing with the Himalayas of India, or the Alps of Switzerland. The main resorts—often little more than an hotel or two—are between 150 and 180 miles from Durban. From the rail termini the Administration's motor-coach services run direct to the various centres. A chain of modern hotels and homely guest farms ensures the comfort of visitors to this mountain playground, a corner of which forms a National Park.

Perhaps the best-known name in this wonderland is " Mont-aux-Sources," the 11,763-ft. peak which signposts a most beautiful 50,000-acre paradise of proteas, mountain lilies and heath. There is a good hotel in this part of the countryside, and I think this would be my first recommendation. A close runner-up would be the nearby Cathedral Peak, but the hotel there can only be reached by private transport from Bergville; Mont-aux-Sources has a motor-coach link. A third suggestion would be Underberg or the Sani Pass Hotel, especially if you want to make a trip into Basutoland (a British Protectorate) which offers some fine scenery as well as a colourful blanket-clad people. The Mokhotlong Mountain Transport Co. provides a Land-Rover service daily. During this journey the track rises to the top of the Black Mountains at 10,500 ft. above sea level—the highest motor road in Southern Africa.

During our winter, South Africa's summer, the climate in the Drakensberg is temperate, and while there are showers there is for the rest of the time continuous sunshine. Various sporting facilities are available, such as tennis, bowls, riding, swimming and fishing. But for me the chief source of delight is the intriguing change of face of the mountains with the advancing hours of the day. Nor must I omit to mention the lazy, tinkling streams which abound in these mountain fastnesses. A holiday in the Drakensberg, incidentally, also offers a chance to spend a few days in either Johannesburg or Durban.

The Drakensberg Mountains between Durban and Johannesburg are a popular holiday ground

Lying virtually on the border of Southern Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa, the Vumba is a country of forests, mountains, streams, pools and waterfalls. Its heights are easily reached by a good road from Umtali, acknowledged as the loveliest town in Rhodesia. Good hotel accommodation is available. Small wonder that when Rhodes wanted a complete rest, especially after the catastrophe of the Jameson Raid, he came to this corner of the country which bears his name.

Cooled by champagne-like air from the sea, and clothed in forest and lush vegetation, the magnificent Vumba offers a dramatic contrast to the sub-tropical country not so far away. Justly regarded as one of the foremost holiday-grounds of the Federation, it combines the green graciousness of Europe with the dramatic flamboyance of Africa.

Although the Indian Ocean is many miles away to the east, the visitor, looking towards the distant mountains of Portuguese East Africa, frequently gains the impression that the sea is near, especially when part of a valley is shrouded in morning mist. The word " vumba " means mist, but, as if deliberately intended to fascinate tourists, the mist floats from mountain-top to mountain-top, or from valley to valley. There is also a feeling of mystery in the so-called " slave-pits " which are to be found there. Their real purpose remains unknown.

This mountain paradise of the Vumba is virtually unspoilt. It offers wonderful drives, mountain walks and climbs, riding, tennis, swimming and even golf. Umtali, with its cinemas, is only twenty miles away—for those who like to combine a mountain holiday with an occasional sophisticated evening (Rhodesian style).

In the gardens of Vumba National Park, one of the most visited spots in Southern Rhodesia

The new passenger-ship *Transvaal Castle* of the Union-Castle Line, pictured during trials off the Irish coast. The *Transvaal Castle* is due to sail on her maiden voyage on January 18

Lastly, Lake Nyasa is a spot where long-ago I spent an enchanting holiday. Once the haunt of Arab slave-traders seeking the " black ivory " of the interior, the mountains in the far north sweep sheer into the water, but in the south there are soft beaches inviting you to bathe. A little ship, the m.v. *Ilala*, will carry you on an enchanting nine-day trip round the lake, as satisfying a cruise as can be imagined.

For further information regarding travel in the Union, apply to the South African Tourist Corporation, 70 Piccadilly, W.1; and for the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, to the Tourist Officer, 429 Strand, W.C.2.

LESSER-KNOWN FERRIES

One of the less widely-known Continental services—and, in my view, one of the most comfortable—is operated by The Transport Ferry Service between Tilbury-Rotterdam and Tilbury-Antwerp. Pioneers of the " drive-on/drive-off " vehicle ferry, the company brought a new vessel, the m.v. *Cerdic Ferry*, into service on these routes earlier this year with accommodation for thirty-five passengers in first-class, modern cabins of excellent comfort and design. Fares range from £4 10s. to £12 each way (accompanied cars from £6 5s. single or £9 7s. 6d. return), and also cover afternoon tea, a five-course dinner, morning tea and breakfast during the 14-16-hour crossing. A sister-ship, the m.v. *Doric Ferry*, is expected to enter service in the spring of next year. Other routes operated by the company are between Preston-Larne/Belfast, and all vessels are fitted with stabilisers.

BOOKS

SHAW IN HIS VILLAGE

A symposium of reminiscences by the dramatist's neighbours; vivid letters of D. H. Lawrence's wife; recent fiction

"You must take me as I am," wrote George Bernard Shaw once, "a reasonable, patient, consistent, apologetic, laborious person, with the temperament of a schoolmaster and the pursuits of a vestryman." This, to put it mildly, is far from being everybody's assessment of the great man's character; even those who knew him well on professional grounds, or those who knew him on the more intimate grounds of friendship, have not always agreed with every word of that provocative sentence, being devoted to him or admiring him or quarrelling with him for very different reasons. But Mr. Allan Chappelow, writer, photographer and sculptor, has compiled a kind of biographical symposium in which he shows Bernard Shaw as he proved himself to his local friends during more than forty years residence in a remote Hertfordshire village. SHAW THE VILLAGER AND HUMAN BEING (Charles Skilton. 42s.) consists of a series of word pictures, strung together on the connecting links of Mr. Chappelow's narrative and giving as many views of Shaw as there are contributors. Many of these passages are frankly expressed; not all of them, naturally enough, see their subject from the same angle, but they add up to a composite and, in a way, solid representation which fits Mr. Chappelow's title very well. He has compiled a very sincere tribute to his old friend.

FRIEDA LAWRENCE—*The Memoirs and Correspondence* (Heinemann. 42s.), edited by E. W. Tedlock, is an unforgettable book. Not just for the picture it gives of D. H. Lawrence, his fight for recognition; the circle—often broken and mended again—of his friends; the activities of his detractors, or the tale of his journeys, but also for the portrait of Frieda herself, drawn so unconsciously and with such vividness of expression. Frieda Lawrence and vitality were synonymous. Her enthusiasms, her exasperation, her joy in people, in weather, in food, in music, in everything that was essentially a part of life; these emotions were not transient or ephemeral. They were a part of her character, of her being. Her directness was phenomenal and over and over again in these letters it brings the pages to life, making them positively crackle with the electricity of her feeling. Her capacity for friendship and the tiger paw suddenness of her attacks on disloyalty or affectation were as typical of her as the wry humour with which she would regard her own shortcomings. In this book there are some chapters of reminiscences, essays and character sketches but although they, too, are revealing they have none of the force that lies in the collection of letters. From them the reader learns about Frieda Lawrence most truly: her life with Lawrence and the twenty-six years of active, almost effervescent existence which followed, until she died five years ago. It is hard to think of her dead.

Professor Arnold Toynbee, the distinguished historian, talks to Egyptian peasants in the village of Inchass. With his wife, Professor Toynbee visited Egypt in December and gave a number of lectures in Cairo

WHICH WAY DID HE GO? (Perpetua. 30s.) is an album of drawings, with the minimum comment, both by Mr. Ronald Searle, who is not only a brilliant draughtsman but a witty commentator on the national and international scene. In this volume he follows a riotously funny section of drawings of English types with a sheaf of drawings made in France, with due reference to the English and the American visitor. Next comes America, illustrating the high and low spots of New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, Las Vegas and thus to Germany, where his wit is brought to bear on Berlin characters, on three aspects of the Rhine and on Bavarians. A wonderful collection and, since it is the first for five years, all the more to be cherished.

In the world of fiction there is one exquisite little treat this week: a long short story or *novella*, by that master of the form, Mr. H. E. Bates. THE DAY OF THE TORTOISE (Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.) is as small a book as its price implies. It is also a good deal more satisfying than many of the 600- and 700-page sagas which come our way. Simplicity, or the effect of simplicity, being one of this writer's most subtle arts, the story simply concerns a summer interlude in the drab life of a middle-aged man who acts as cook, errand-boy and maid-of-all-work to his three elderly and slightly dotty sisters. The house in which they all live is large, Victorian, suburban and inconvenient, but it has a garden with huge old trees and some abandoned stables in the loft of which Fred has made himself a kind of shabby haven. There he has an occasional bottle of beer, puffs at a pipe and reads a daily paper, savouring his solitude. Savouring it, that is, until the day when he finds a new girl on duty at the local dairy and, for a brief, hallucinating pause, his life is transformed. Nothing else happens and yet everything has happened to him. His life will not be magically changed during its remaining span but he has known delight and a kind of freedom. That is all and it is

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MALTA'S OTHER SIEGE

The island halts the Muhammadans in 1565

Voltaire once remarked that "nothing is better known than the siege of Malta." But very little has been written on the subject in English, although there is an extensive bibliography in French, Italian and Spanish. Ernle Bradford now repairs that omission with his excellent account of the dramatic events of 1565, one of the decisive actions in the history of the Mediterranean, as indeed was Malta's second ordeal in the Second World War. THE GREAT SIEGE (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.) is a most able presentation of this classic battle which checked the advance of Muhammadan power. On the one side were defenders numbering between 6,000 and 9,000 men, and the Sultan's forces were estimated to be between 29,000 and 38,500. The attack began with a strategical blunder from which the attackers never recovered, an assault on St. Elmo to pave the way for a safe anchorage for the fleet. The Turks lost 7,000 killed and as many wounded before they ousted St. Elmo's 1,200 defenders. This part of the battle is the highlight of a dramatic and most readable narrative.

As we in Britain enter upon the age of the motorway, with all the vast changes to the rural and the urban scene that this implies, it is of fascinating interest to look back over a century-and-a-half to the first challenge of the railway in Britain. In TURNPIKE TO IRON ROAD (Seeley, Service. 30s.) Colonel H. C. B. Rogers traces the history of railway development, at the same time describing the determined rearguard action of the coaching interests. Perhaps the lesson we can learn from it all is that in building our motorways it is essential to pay attention to good landscaping and general amenity and that in cities in particular we must not repeat the excesses of the ruthless, thrusting Victorian railwaymakers.

The last century has witnessed changes in ocean travel habits no less dramatic than those ashore. Warren Armstrong's ATLANTIC HIGHWAY (Harrap. 21s.) takes us from the advent of Samuel Cunard and Brunel's ill-starred *Great Eastern* to the establishment of the highly successful and well-patronised Atlantic airlines of today. The author's obvious delight in the luxury ocean liners and their achievements is clearly seen, and like the protagonists of the stage-coaches he cheerfully puts up a fight for the old order and "the serene tranquillity of the 30-knot ship."

When, on the morning of January 24, 1961, Captain Henrique Galvao and his twenty-four comrades seized the Portuguese liner *Santa Maria*, some people called it an act of piracy on the high seas, while the authors of the successful plot declared that this was the first stage in a revolution which would end in the fall of the Salazar Government, having as its object the focussing of world attention on the wrongs he alleged were being suffered by the Portuguese people. In THE SANTA MARIA: MY CRUSADE FOR PORTUGAL (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.), Henrique Galvao tells his dramatic story; but unfortunately he robs it of much of its interest by ranting and raving against his political foe.

The extraordinary exploits of two mine-disposal officers, the late Commander John Stuart Mould, G.C., G.M., and Lieutenant Hugh Randal Syme, G.C., G.M. and Bar, are told by Ivan Southal in SOFTLY TREAD THE BRAVE (Angus and Robertson. 21s.). These two intrepid Australians were engaged during World War II in more than 140 separate operations, most of them fantastically hazardous. What really evokes the deepest admiration is the sustained heroism of these two men and those who worked with them. The combat they had to fight—the combat with themselves—was possibly the most testing of all.

AFGHAN QUEST (Harrap. 18s.) is an account by Joyce Dunsheath and Eleanor Baillie of their expedition to Afghanistan in 1960. Their objectives included climbing Mir Samir (19,882 ft.), collecting botanical specimens, and getting to know the Afghan people. Theirs was a unique and wonderful experience, and the enthusiasm with which they describe it is a delight.

Richard Edmonds

wonderfully, inimitably enough. What a darling little book this is!

There could scarcely be a greater contrast than between the last novel and Mr. Hugh Munro's THE CLYDESIDERS (Macdonald. 16s.), which has the vigour and violence of Glasgow tenements and dockyards about it, and the tang of personal experience and memory to add to the force of its impact. Readable, sometimes poignant and never sentimentalised.

Historical romance of the week is Mr. Neil Bell's 13 PICCADILLY (Alvin Redman. 16s.) which tells of the adventures of a character who was not so much a Regency buck as a Regency quack; a man who had qualified and practised in medicine in Germany but whose claims were disregarded in England and who became an unconventional practitioner and the keeper of a house of assignation. A fortune and a host of friends followed without too much delay but through recklessness, extravagance and a hard-working group of enemies the doctor was ruined and eventually executed. Dramatic stuff, written with considerable verve.

THE CASE OF THE DEAD MAN GONE (Macdonald. 12s. 6d.) is a mystery tale by Mr. Christopher Bush; a detective story which is less of a thriller than a traditional whodunit and quite a good one. Setting: mainly London. Deductive reasoning: excellent. Pace: medium.

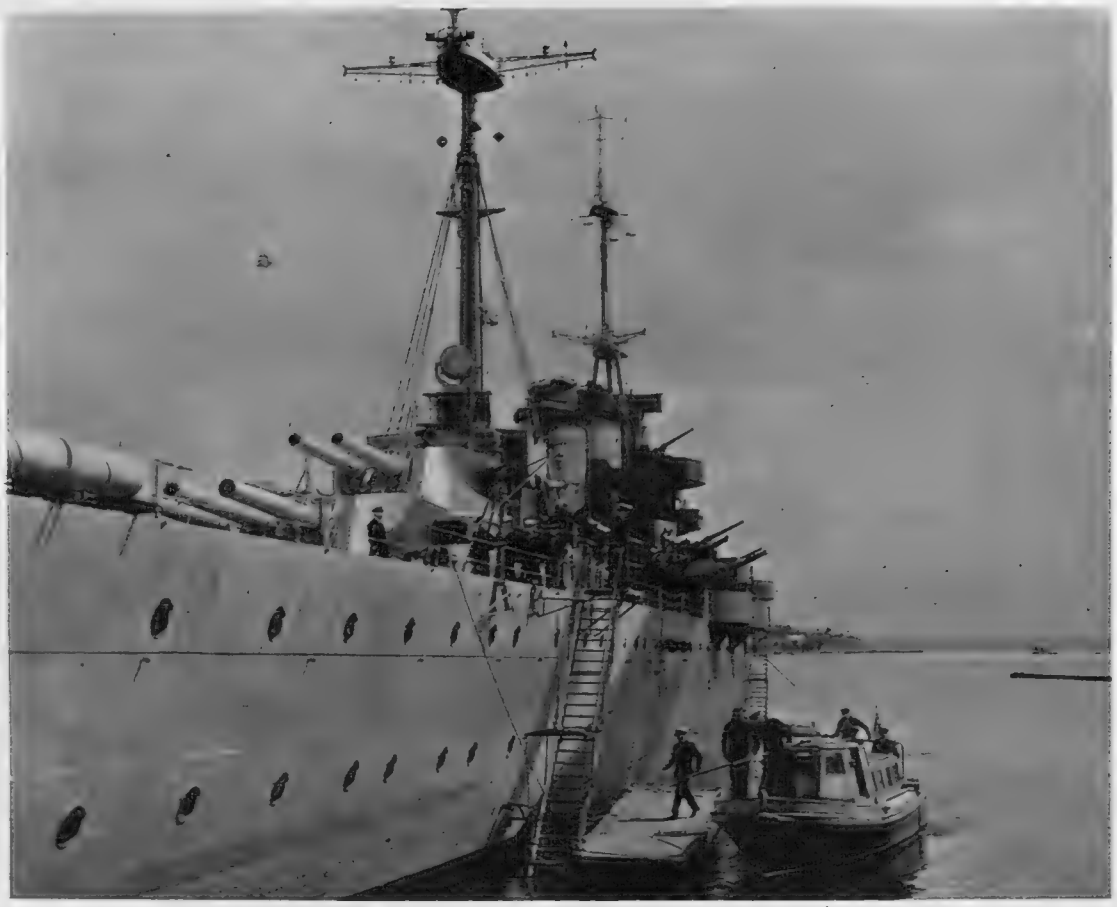
Vernon Fane

CIVIL WAR BATTLEFIELDS

Those who " travel in the print of olden wars " find it difficult to reconstruct their settings, and that goes from Naseby to Waterloo, from Culloden to the Somme. Mr. Austin Woolrych has done exhaustive research into the past shape and appearance of the " fields " on which the chief Civil War battles were fought, and in his BATTLES OF THE ENGLISH CIVIL WAR (Batsford. 21s.) he makes the strategy intelligible and restores much of the terrain to its seventeenth-century appearance. Scientific means and local tradition and history helped him. Until Cromwell led his model army, all these battles were amateur skirmishes, though Rupert had dash and some (but not the vital) qualities of a cavalry leader. The forces engaged were small enough, the weapons in use not very deadly. The claims made for men killed in battle on the Royalist side seem suspect. Mr. Woolrych more than once accepts rustic burial-party estimates. Cromwell in his dispatches to Parliament usually gave a total of combined prisoners and casualties. I incline to the view that local reports and tradition are unreliable and that (as at Culloden) more were killed after than during the battle; certainly off the field. But (again as at Culloden) casualties among the disciplined army were astonishingly small by comparison.

The book is not solely concerned with battles. Inevitably the bitter politics of the time crop up. Unquestionably it was John Pym on whose rock Charles's cause foundered. As a descendant of Pym, I am glad he died when he did and had no part in the King's death. But without Pym's shrewd estimate of the worth of and resistance to Charles' promises and diplomacy, the Parliament cause had been even nearer foundering than twice it was. The Civil War, even today, may be reckoned the bitterest experience of our nation. Yet from its poison, good came. The nation got civil war out of its system finally. We are perhaps more rebellious than ever, but we achieve our revolutions by other means than push of pike. This is an interesting, fully documented book, well illustrated and gracefully written.

John Gore



Wartime in Alexandria Harbour—coming aboard the battleship *Valiant* in a scene from the new film

The Italian " human torpedo " is manœuvred into position

THE VALIANT

at the Odeon, Leicester Square, from January 4

The first of 1962's charity film premieres takes place next week with the first showing, in the presence of Princess Marina, of *The Valiant*. Produced by Jon Pennington and released by United Artists, the film is based on the blowing-up of the famous British battleship, H.M.S. *Valiant*, in Alexandria Harbour twenty years ago this December. The feat was accomplished by two Italian frogmen. The screen-play, by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall, concentrates on the tense hours on board the battleship after the two frogmen are captured. In a battle of wits with the Italians, the captain attempts to discover the whereabouts of the explosive.

Interrogating the Italian frogmen—from left are the wounded Emilio (Roberto Rossi); Lieutenant Field (Robert Shaw); Luigi (Ettore Manni); Surgeon Commander Reilly (Liam Redmond); and Captain Morgan (John Mills)

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Peter Holloway

Mr. Holloway is chairman of Holloway Brothers (London) Ltd. and managing director of the Holloway Group of companies, which, in addition to the building and civil engineering contracting firm, includes eleven other companies closely allied to the construction industry. His grandfather was one of the two founders of the company in 1882 and Mr. Peter Holloway is the eldest of the third generation in the business. Born in Gloucestershire in 1908, Peter Wilfred Essex Holloway was educated at The Leys School and Jesus College, Cambridge, where he obtained an engineering degree and later became a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers. He joined Holloway Brothers as a young engineer in 1931 and was personally engaged in the construction of three major bridges over the Thames and other large building contracts in London before the outbreak of war in 1939. In the Royal Engineers he served in France in 1940 and later in the Faroes, North Africa and Italy, where he was awarded the O.B.E. Returning to the family business after the war, he became a director in 1946 and travelled widely in the Middle East and Australia on business. He was a member of the Government Trade Mission to Ghana in 1959 and is chairman of the Federation of Civil Engineering Contractors, vice-chairman of the Export Group for the Constructional Industries, and vice-president of the Fédération Internationale du Bâtiment et des Travaux Publics. Married, with a married daughter, a son and a granddaughter, Mr. Holloway lives in West Sussex, where his hobbies are gardening, tennis and golf. For many years he has been a member of the Council of the Shaftesbury Society. He was chairman of the Society last year

THE PAUSE, THE PLAN AND EUROPE

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

When Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, in his last remarks about our economy before the House of Commons rose for Christmas, said, "It would be the negation of policy to bring this phase of restraint, the pay pause, to an end prematurely. When it ends something more must be put in its place than Governmental exhortation," it was not particularly well received, by his hearers or probably by his millions of readers the next day. Since July, when businessmen reacted to the Chancellor's latest armful of restraints and regulators with at least some readiness to accept radical changes in policy, the economic situation in Britain has gone rapidly off the boil, particularly in terms of psychological acceptance. The pay pause did not remain intact very long. The period of very high Bank Rate lasted an even shorter time. None of the promised radical changes in policy materialised.

It would probably not be too much to say that British business is looking into 1962 with a good deal of disillusion, and feeling that we are still in the era of the old stop-go policies, though these may be hung about with brave new words. That feeling is justified. Yet the fact remains that few other years in recent times have offered the likelihood, almost the certainty, of almost revolutionary changes in Britain's economic circumstances. Whether people have been psychologically prepared for them is another matter.

By about the middle of next year we ought to know whether we are going into the European Common Market or not; and if in, on what terms we have gained entry. Well before that, we shall presumably have the planning office, led by Sir Robert Shone, in being, though its scope and ways of working may only still be in the formative period. And whether or not it is part of the planners' job, the indications are that the country will also have embarked upon some kind of "positive" wages policy. Those are three radical enough changes in policy for a Conservative Government which only two years ago won its last election upon the argument that, by and large, we were all, as a nation, pretty comfortably off.

The entry into Europe—to which the Government seems deeply committed now, with the smallish band of waverers among Ministers carrying less and less weight—would mean entirely new circumstances of competition for British businesses of all kinds. It was significant, last week, that Mr. S. P. Chambers, of Imperial Chemical Industries, explained I.C.I.'s bid for Courtaulds largely in terms of these new circumstances. A combine that might have been arguably too big and dominating in its field for Britain alone, he said, would be just one among a number of giants on a European stage, and, indeed, needed to be of this magnitude to compete. Without such dramatic moves, many other British businesses are quietly making themselves ready for new trading conditions, linking up with similar firms on the Continent, strengthening their selling companies across the Channel.

It is only fair to note that in the City, and to some extent in particular industries throughout the country, a certain amount more firm opposition to the entry into Europe has been quietly mobilised in the last few months, and in the New Year, having bided its time, this may come into the open. During 1961, on the whole, "the Europeans" were allowed to have it all their own way as propagandists in this argument.

In Parliament, their critics confined themselves to getting Ministers, from Mr. Macmillan downward, committed to some quite specific pledges about protecting our links with the Commonwealth which may prove rather awkward to pay off when the time comes. The passage of arms with Commonwealth Governments over disclosure of what Mr. Edward Heath told the Six was perhaps symptomatic of the disagreements that will inevitably come into the open in a few months' time. Whether the anti-Common-Marketeers, in the meantime, will have managed to stir up strong opposition in the country remains to be seen. But certainly they are likely to be putting the case against more strongly than it has been put so far.

Who is to plan, and how much planning will come to mean in Britain in 1962, is a second large question for British industry in the coming year? Sir Robert Shone, who is an economist and engineer by training and an outstanding industrial administrator in practice, is probably as acceptable a director to both business and the professional economists as could have been found in Britain. But it may still remain difficult for the Chancellor to get together the "council" of industrialists and trade unionists. Cold-bloodedly, the businessman may feel that this change, however much it eventually comes to mean, will be largely a matter of Whitehall organisation and study for most of next year, and may not affect his actual business—even his own capital investment plans—very significantly.

A "wages policy," if it comes, will be another significant departure from the way Britain does business now. This is going to be an awkward one for both sides of business to accept. There is no great love lost between management and trade unions in this country. Many businessmen feel that if the advantage may have been too much on one side between the wars, ever since the Second World War it has been far too firmly on the other, with unionists exploiting a shortage of labour for all it is worth. A positive wages policy from the Government—and nobody in the Government has been very specific about how one would be designed to operate—would presumably in the first place tend to weaken the bargaining power of the trade unions, which has been the biggest recent element in inflating Britain's costs and rendering us less competitive. To that extent, the policy ought to correct an imbalance in bargaining power. But management as well as the unions may be somewhat uneasy about the entry of this third force into their bargaining, until they know just how its power is going to be exercised. Significantly more Government dictation about how one invests one's money and what one pays which of one's workers—with the threat or promise of a capital gains tax, small or large, to show that the "sacrifices" aren't to be all on one's own side—these are not altogether reassuring prospects for industry.

Again, between today and the adumbration of that policy, there is the small present matter of the "pay pause," and some politicians, at any rate, are talking about a round of strikes to be provoked and defeated before the trade unions can be induced to co-operate with the Government on planning or wages policy. Just how the trade unions are to be induced to come out on quite the strikes least likely to succeed, and then, losing the issue, to be rendered penitently amenable to the Chancellor's behest is another passage of policy never fully spelt out—and this part of the pattern of 1962, it is only fair to add, is one that the Government would not necessarily accept as desirable. Nor for that matter would businessmen as a whole. At least, if some trial of strength through strikes is necessary, they would have more stomach for loyally supporting somebody else against a strike rather than facing it themselves. Not all employers would have had the intestinal fortitude of Lord Rootes in his recent dispute at Acton; and the costs of such a stand, in production lost and in relations between management and workpeople, are also expensive to restore. Few employers look at the possibility of strikes with any enthusiasm.

All the above changes impending for the British economy have had a large dose of political flavour to them. What of the more simply economic prospects for 1962? Will the Chancellor be able to shift from red light to green in the Budget, or even before?

Here again there is quite severe argument. Over the last few months the economy has been moving levelly along with no significant increase in production, with many industries operating below capacity, some restraint on spending, and an export performance that is fairly satisfactory if not dramatic. Industrial costs have probably not been rising very much. The engineering industries in particular have been building up quite a healthy forward order book for sales abroad. Most people reckon that by comparison with this year, the country ought to be able to display quite a healthy gain in exports during 1962.

But the forecasters who agree upon some moderate optimism about exports next year do not agree on much else. Some of them feel that this relative success ought to be the signal for a gradual but definite easing of the restraints that were clamped on the economy last summer, and a move forward towards more general re-expansion in the British economy. Others feel that it is only because demand has been held down at home that businessmen have gone abroad to seek orders, and that in order to consolidate gains in the export market it will be necessary to keep all the pressures of disinflation at home as strong as ever. They stick to the sour, if virtuous, prescription that reckons Britain cannot have much prosperity at home without our balance of payments going wrong and pressures developing against sterling.

If Mr. Lloyd feels it necessary to remain pretty tough with everybody next year, there will be some elements in spending that will probably actually decline—among them, business spending on new plant and equipment. That does not mean that it will not remain at a high rate—over the past seven years British business has been investing more in the expansion and modernisation of its equipment than ever before.

But all the indications now are that in manufacturing, anyway, business will invest less in 1962 than in 1961. This is probably less a reaction to the higher interest charges now prevailing or to any restraints of short-term policy than to the completion of certain cycles of investment and to some disillusion with the financial results of it. In terms of output or of profits, the additions that British business has been gaining from the money it ploughs in have tended to look rather sorry in the last few years. The return on investment in Britain, given all our peculiar economic disabilities, may simply not compare so well with the return you could get by putting the money elsewhere. And in the Common Market, it has to be remembered, businessmen will have more opportunities to put it elsewhere.

The Bill O'Brien 8-metre four/six-berth cruising catamaran.

Water Witch, a cruising yacht designed by Maurice Griffiths, built by Alan Feltham Ltd.

THE BOAT SHOW

By **GABOR DENES**

This is the age of gimmicks, and it is not surprising that the 1962 International Boat Show, organised by the Ship and Boatbuilders' National Federation, which opens at Earls Court next Wednesday (until the 13th), has a good many of them. This show will be bigger than ever. The record number of over 500 exhibitors could only be accommodated by pinching a little, here and there, on the gangway space. This means, inevitably, that what was once, only a few years ago, a small intimate event for the expert and the initiated, is becoming a great attraction to the general public, not all the members of which would be attracted by the boats and their appurtenances alone.

It is no use being snobbish about this. Boating is growing into a popular movement, and to support such a great show a large attendance is needed. By attracting the masses, the *Daily Express*, the sponsor of the Show, is extending the interest in the subject to an ever-growing number of people, thus making the boating industry more prosperous and, we hope, more efficient. To cast the net wide enough, therefore, we cannot blame the sponsors if they resort to a few gimmicks. They help to bring in the crowds, with a number of potential recruits to boating among them. I must hasten to add, that beyond the gimmicks, there will be a solid, interesting show, and the overall standard of the goods exhibited improves every year.

So, when you hear of some of the things to be seen in this year's Show, such as the motor-cruiser built of concrete, or the sailing dinghy made of newspaper and glue, do not be put off. There will be plenty to see of the more solid, though perhaps more conventional kind. There will be fine vessels of all types, from the large yachts to the innumerable sailing dinghies, from the motor cruisers to the runabouts and speedboats, all to suit different waters and, of course, different pockets.

Once more, the Show will be centred round a rectangular pool, in the familiar setting of Dartmouth, with the River and the *Britannia* R.N. College on its hill, looking down from the giant backcloth. Among the boats afloat will be the outright winner of the first *Daily Express* Offshore Powerboat Race, *Thunderbolt*, a Christina, built by Bruce Campbell Limited, and belonging to Tommy Sopwith, and the American *Yo-Yo*, which was placed second. Another distinguished craft to be seen in the pool will be an exact replica of *Hellcat*, the amazing catamaran designed by Roderick Macalpine-Downie, which, sailed by John Fisk and crewed by the designer, scored such a resounding victory against the American challenger last September. (The original *Hell-cat* catamaran was sold in America after the racing.)

Also afloat in the pool will be *Water Witch*, a new cruising yacht designed by Maurice Griffiths and built by Alan Feltham Limited. A little boxy in appearance, she was designed

An artist's impression of the Boat Show's central feature. A reconstruction of Dartmouth, in South Devon

The Escapade cutter, built at Blanks Boatyard Ltd., designed by Robert Tucker

The 26-ft. Atalanta sailing cruiser built by Fairey Marine Ltd.

as a safe family boat, with lots of accommodation, and suitable for shallow estuaries with her small draft and bilge keels. I hear that she was found to handle even better during her trials than was expected. Nearby will be moored the already well-known Atalanta, built by Fairey Marine, and the Mediterranean version of the 42-ft. Geranium built by James Taylor Limited. This fast and comfortable motor cruiser has a spacious after deck for sunbathing and fishing.

The larger sailing yachts will be placed near the pool, mainly in the open well of the building. The stand of Halmatic Limited will be full of interest, displaying three hulls in the firm's Deborine glass-reinforced plastic: a 36-ft. sloop, designed and fitted out by Camper and Nicholsons, a 56-ft. motor yacht, fitted out by Tough Bros. Ltd., and Zephyr, a 36-ft. sloop hull designed by the Boston firm of John G. Alden, not completely fitted out, but showing the unusual construction details clearly. A. H. Moody and Son Ltd. will be showing a 26-ft.-6-in. w.l. auxiliary sloop designed by Frederick Parker, built to a very high specification with teak bottom, mahogany topsides, and teak deck. R. J. Prior and Son (Burnham) Ltd., will be showing another well-built yacht, the 11-ton Saxon cruiser/racer of similar dimensions. Thirteen of this design are built or on order, I am told. The East Coast Yacht Agency will be showing two sailing yachts, the 10-ton Fortunella-class cruiser/racer with a diesel auxiliary, and the 8-ton family cruising ketch Peter Duck to the well-known design of Laurent Giles, which was originally evolved for Arthur Ransome.

There will, of course, be several other sailing yachts from some of the well-known yards as well as some from newcomers. Among the latter it will be interesting to inspect the boats built in foreign countries. There will be the Polish-built *Ametyst*, an R.O.R.C. Class III auxiliary sloop, shown by Goad and Rigg Limited, several smaller craft from East Germany, a number of steel-hulled vessels from Holland, and—this brings me to power craft—the Elba fast motor yacht, from the famous Italian yard of Baglietto. Its maximum speed is said to be 30 m.p.h., and it is exhibited by Arthur Bray Limited.

One of the most impressive power boats will be the 46-ft. all-wood fast day-cruiser with week-end accommodation by Vosper Limited.

(*Continued on following page*)

The Bosun designed by Ian Proctor and built by Bossoms

The new Fisherman 27-ft. cruiser built by Fairey Marine Ltd.

THE BOAT SHOW

The Pacemaker 29-ft. motor yacht built by Port Hamble Ltd.

The Huntsman 28-ft. high-speed sea-going cruiser by Fairey Marine Ltd.

(*Continued from previous page*)

It has every modern convenience from the navigational and domestic point of view with a large sundeck and a low transom for hoisting the dinghy aboard. Fairey Marine will be showing for the first time their new Fisherman 27-ft. cruiser, which they describe as an M.F.V. in miniature, and the smaller, 20-ft. Kingfisher, a neat, four-berth cruiser for rivers and estuaries. Port Hamble Limited will be introducing the Pacemaker 29, a fast, twin screw sea-going motor cruiser, with accommodation for five. Apart from these, the choice of motor cruisers will be very wide; they will comprise a great number of designs of varying size, speed and comfort.

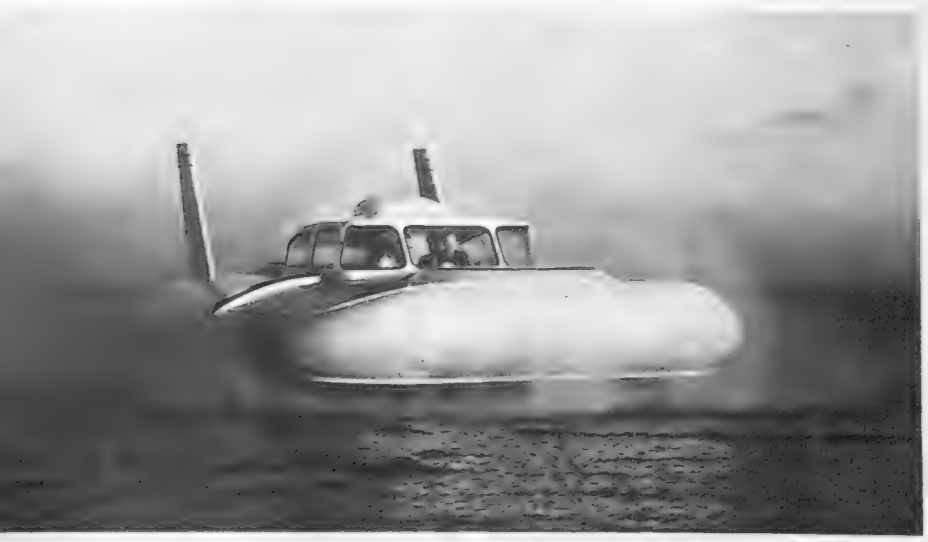
It would be futile for me to single out any individual exhibits from the legions of small motor craft, inboard or outboard, made for gentle pleasure or high speed, there are so many of them, and this goes for their motive power too. A wide range of inboard and outboard engines will delight the mechanically-minded. Two special features organised by the sponsors will add to these pleasures. One comprises a selection of successful outboard racing speedboats shown for the first time, and the other " Accent on Outboards " makes it easy to survey what is available in the way of outboard propulsion.

Of sailing dinghies, once more Jack Holt will be showing the greatest number, all of his own design of well-established classes. The show will also be an excellent market-place for the dinghy enthusiast in buying mood. Some of the better-known class dinghies can be seen on several stands, built by different builders, with some in different materials, where this is permissible. So it will be easy to go shopping for the dinghy of your choice, and make a deal with the maker you find most to your liking.

The 38-ft. Brookcraft Ocean Pilot twin-screw ocean-going cruiser from Brooke Marine Ltd.

As I have indicated at the outset there will be many attractions not strictly of yachting interest. For the first time visitors will be able to inspect at close quarters the Britten-Norman Cushioncraft, capable of floating through the air, over land or water, at an easy 50 m.p.h., or the famous 30-ft. longboat brought over from Tristan da Cunha. Some of the refugees will be seen constructing a smaller boat of the same type. There will be various special sections showing " Boats for Beginners," and " Boating on a Budget " (craft under £250), a floating service station presented by Shell-B.P., and even a dairy where Devonshire cream can be bought for dispatch anywhere in the country. A short film of the first *Daily Express* Offshore Powerboat Race will be showing continuously, and a fashion parade of sailing clothes will be mounted several times a day around the pool. In fact, there will be all the fun of the fair, including the sizzling sausages in Galley Alley.

Twin Perkins 40 h.p. outboard motors are fitted to this fast motor boat



Built by Windboats Ltd., this 34-ft. boat has a hull made from a derivative of concrete. **Left:** The prototype CC-2 Cushioncraft designed and built by Britten-Norman Ltd.

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INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

INVESTMENT 1961

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

Overall, 1961 was not an easy year in which to make money on the Stock Exchange. Share prices, which had begun to rise just before the end of 1959, continued to climb until after the Budget, when Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's surtax concessions were considered an important fillip for industrial management. But the short-term problems posed by Britain's loss of gold reserves—which now appears to have been the result of Germany's revaluing of the Deutsche Mark in March—soon began to affect share prices.

During May share levels began to turn down, and this fall continued until the Chancellor's new measures and 7 per cent. Bank rate were announced at the end of July. Short-term success of these moves, which produced the hope that nothing more severe was in store, prompted a share rally in August. But soon adverse company results began to appear and share prices continued to drift. An investor holding, say, £100 worth of shares on January 1 of 1961 would have seen his portfolio rise to nearly £120 by the spring. By the end of July all this gain had been wiped out and his portfolio would still be worth about £100.

Generalising about shares may be misleading, as different sectors fared very differently. Some industries had already begun to meet difficulties before July and these were sometimes intensified by the Chancellor's measures. For instance, manufacturers of household durable goods were already suffering from credit restraint. Hire purchase finance companies, too, had started to recover from bad debt losses when the Chancellor imposed his further restrictions.

Not all was gloom in stock markets at the end of 1961. Property shares, which had lost a good deal of their popularity earlier in the year, were again attracting buyers. The safer sources for investment funds, such as insurance and investment trust shares, held up better than the average. So generally did shares in the leading growth industries, such as electronics, multiple stores and pharmaceuticals. But outstanding share price increases during the year occurred only in those companies whose prospects strikingly improved or where take-over bids were made. As a result, smaller concerns announced better results while take-overs were also confined to smaller and medium-sized companies. (An outstanding exception was the projected merger announced last week between I.C.I. and Courtaulds.)

In general, 1961 produced more problems than it solved for shareholders in industrial companies. Looming larger even than Britain's economic uncertainties came the decision to start talks with the Common Market countries. Many analyses attempted to show which companies would gain and lose from an association between Britain and the Six. But few of these studies produced clear financial lessons. Anything but general deductions were ruled out by the differences, both in company products and overall national income, that will have taken place by the time Britain forms an association—if it does—with the European Six. All this added further uncertainty to investors' other problems.

Given this background of general uncertainty, 1961 was not a very propitious year in which to raise new money. But substantial fresh finance was raised through the City. A most notable move was the sale to the public of the steel companies' prior charge capital. Large share issues were also made—notably by Imperial Chemical Industries, Distillers and Royal Insurance—especially in the earlier months of the year. As stock markets weakened, many companies found that new funds could only be raised at the cost of depressing share prices.

Some consolation for London share markets came in the high level of activity on Wall Street. More British shares were dealt in there, while the listing of Unilever in New York, which took place towards the end of the year, brought sharp price rises as American investors moved into the British stock. In London, more Continental shares were quoted. More German equities appeared, accompanied by one of the French banks and Italian steel and chemical shares.

Probably the most important feature of 1961 for stock markets was something that did not happen: there was no large-scale selling of good-quality shares. The Chancellor's July moves provoked some weeding-out by insurance companies and pension funds of shares thought most likely to suffer, but this proved no more than temporary. Investors continued to believe, by and large, that ordinary shares remained the only attractive investment for anything beyond the short term.

Short-dated Government securities (those maturing within about five years) were recognised to have attractions for surtax-payers. Dated gilt-edged were also considered an attractive outlet for people who had specific momentary commitments. But despite 7 per cent. Bank rate, and despite all the uncertainties that confronted industry during the year, investors did not return to fixed-interest stocks.

With 1961 just ended, the City's conclusions on the year can be briefly summarised: (1) that equity shares remain the most appealing investment, but (2) that the choice of particular equities has become unusually complex. As history is particularly valuable as a guide to present conduct, these conclusions are useful mainly to indicate what investors should do for the new year. A stock market forecast for 1962 will appear in next week's article.

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

I hope I shall be forgiven for quarrelling with some of my fellow-gourmets at this festive time of the year, but the date suggests reflection on the experiences of the year gone by, and seems appropriate for suggesting new resolutions for the future. My complaint springs from meeting—much too frequently to be ignored—a half-hearted attitude among my friends and others to the importance of gastronomic appreciation; in other words, to the equal balance between good food and wine and all that goes with it. To my mind the two basic elements, wine and food, are inseparable, and a proper balance between the two is essential.

I know many people who regard good wine as one of the greatest pleasures of life. They have a vast knowledge and appreciation of it and can discourse on the finer points at length. Yet it is surprising, if not horrifying, to contemplate the very low standard which will satisfy them in the matter of food. It seems that to them wine is all that matters and the meal with which it is drunk is merely a necessary background. We are fortunate in this country in having available to us the best of all wine-producing countries, and it is quite usual to find at dinners and lunches, where a superb sequence of wines is served, that it is only just possible to swallow the food which does not bear close attention. I sincerely hope that I am not offending any of my friends, some of whom are the greatest experts of wine, by drawing their attention to this discrepancy. I can even think of one man, who goes further. He is a great lover of good cigars, and he admits that to him the finest meal, including the food *and* the wine, is merely an unavoidable prelude to the enjoyment of a fine cigar! But, apart from this extreme case, it seems to me that the knowledge of wine among men is far more widespread than that of food.

Unfortunately this is not all. The lack of balance between the two components is sometimes present the other way. A lot of attention is given to food, and the wine to be drunk with it is dismissed as of minor importance. A week or so before Christmas, in one of our great daily papers, an expert wrote many columns of menus and recipes for the four-day holiday. Everything was most lavish, no expense was spared in the quality or the quantity of the ingredients, no doubt on the principle that in many of our households, let us admit, Christmas is the only time when the family is really well fed. For two successive days in the columns of this newspaper these recommendations for culinary magnificence went on. And when it was all said and done there was a small paragraph on the subject of the wine to drink with this series of gargantuan feasts. A choice of two wines was recommended for the Christmas lunch (not both, only one of the two): a certain 1955 Hock at 23s. 6d. or a rather ordinary claret at 12s. 6d. Nothing was said about the other rich meals. One can only suppose that the writer was going to drink iced water or coffee.

So may I humbly suggest, as a New Year resolution, that for the sake of our health, to which the pleasures of the table can contribute so much if we are sensible, we shall not forget or overlook one of the two equal components of enjoyable nourishment, food and wine. The fullest value of one cannot be gained without the other.

The owner of a small restaurant in Kensington, Wolfe's, has shown clear evidence that he appreciates the importance of good wine to be served with good food. I have the highest opinion of the cooking there. The menu is varied, and each dish is cooked freshly and individually to each order. This makes for those delightful pauses between the courses which foster good digestion and good conversation. One cannot enjoy a really first-class meal if it is rushed at you with terrific speed which is so often confused with " good service." When I am dining out I want to savour and enjoy the food, the wine and the company at leisure, and this is one of my reasons for liking this restaurant.

Wolfe's having recently been granted a licence, I was invited to a tasting where the new wine list was introduced. Now my estimation of the establishment is higher still. The list could not have been composed with greater love and care. It is not very long, but it is a comprehensive, universal and at the same time interesting result of a year's travels and search by the owner and his wife.

Each wine has been picked as something special in its particular field. This is why although there are some well-known names there are also some that are not so familiar. Among the unusual wines I found Château Loudenne Blanc, St. Yzans de Médoc, one of the very few dry white wines of the Médoc. The Château belongs to the Gilbey family, and although red wine has always been made there, this white was first marketed in 1954 with great success.

I also noticed that among the five white Burgundies listed is a very good Chassagne-Montrachet 1957, which bears the added name " Grande Bavarde." I gather that it was so named by the shipper, Mr. Alan Sichel. He was asked the meaning of the " GB " plate on his car by the garrulous lady owner of the vineyard. " It stands for Grand Bavarde (great chatterer)," was his answer. " But you, Madame, are an even greater one than I," he added, after which he presented her with the " GB " plate and promised to name the wine after her.

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MOTORING

IMPROVING RACE TRACKS

A show for boating motorists; driving the new Hillman Super Minx; a small sports car firm

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Motor racing fans who go to Goodwood (Sussex) and Brands Hatch (Kent) in 1962 will find that big improvements have been made at both tracks. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon's 2·4-mile circuit in Sussex has been completely resurfaced at a cost of more than £10,000 and the operation—involving the use of 2,000 tons of asphalt " mix " and nearly a month's work—should result in higher lap speeds and reduced tyre wear.

Tests made by Aston Martin driver Roy Parnell in a DB4 in the wet after the first test section had been laid at Madgwick Corner showed that the new surface has good anti-skid properties. None of the corners or bends on this attractive circuit have been altered in any way but much of the track's old " skin " was burnt off before the resurfacing material was laid to a depth of three-quarters of an inch. Bad patches were cut out and repacked and minor dips filled in. The contractors—the Limmer and Trinidad Lake Asphalt Company—used a fantastic pneumatic-tyred roller to simulate heavy traffic conditions and, by means of its compacting action, close the joints in the new surface and deal with any open texture in the asphalt. Moving at 3 m.p.h. and working at a pressure of 8½ tons, the machine's nine oscillating wheels produced the same effect as a continuous traffic stream on a public road.

The Goodwood Road Racing Company received technical guidance and other help from the Dunlop racing division, the Road Research Laboratory and experts in Mr. David Brown's Aston Martin and Lagonda organisation.

At Brands Hatch a ten-point programme is being put in hand, at a cost of many thousands of pounds, " to develop the circuit as Britain's major motor racing centre both for spectators and competitors." There will be a new 300-seat restaurant for the public close to the main grandstand and one with 100 seats in the paddock for the benefit of competitors and trade officials. Near the starting line a permanent control tower is to be built, with balcony for prize presentations and a " high point " for Press photographers. There will be a permanent, brick-built television tower and six lock-up shops where spectators will be able to buy such things as motor accessories, films and magazines.

Racing teams and firms wishing to have a permanent test and development base at Brands will be able to rent lock-up workshops, of which a dozen are being built, and apart from a complete resurfacing of the paddock area a short, surfaced test circuit is being laid out in the field below the paddock. " As soon as adequate extra water supplies are available," an official told me, " large, modern toilet blocks will be built. All safety banks round the track will be fortified and heightened to a standard unsurpassed in Britain. Next year nine car and eight motor-cycle race meetings are scheduled for Brands."

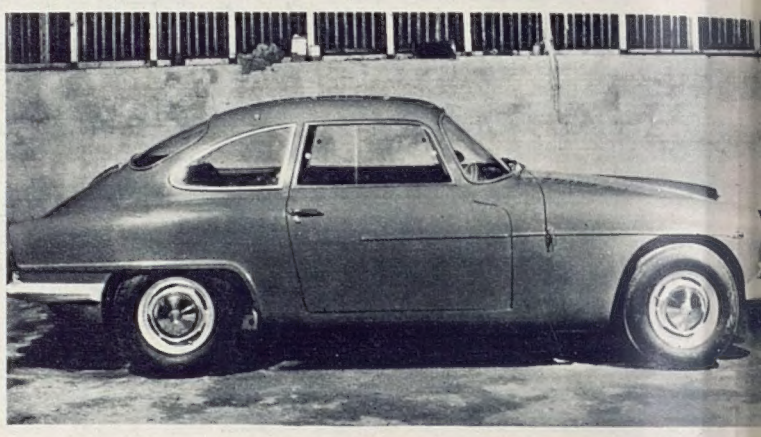
The strong affinity between motoring and boating will be emphasised at the London Boat Show which opens at Earls Court next week. Many car owners are enthusiastic boatmen. In a large number of cases they have turned to the sea to get the leisurely, fresh-air recreation the roads once offered before they became so crowded. Motorists' needs are elaborately catered for by boat-building and accessory firms who realise that many owners of small boats, unable to find adequate mooring accommodation in harbours and estuaries, find it necessary to take their boats about with them, either on a trailer or on the car roof.

Firms prominent in the motor industry have close associations with boating and one of the Big Five who will be exhibiting at the Boat Show for the first time is the Rootes Group, which now offers marinised versions of two of their most famous automobile engines: the 1·6-litre, 4-cylinder Sunbeam Alpine unit (£287) and the 3-litre, 6-cylinder Humber Super Snipe power plant (£379).

Announcing these new marine units, Mr. Geoffrey Rootes, production chief of the Rootes Group, pointed out that an Alpine won the Index of Thermal Efficiency in this year's 24-hours race at Le Mans and that a Super Snipe won its class in the recent R.A.C. Rally. " Our new marine engines," he said, " are compact in size and easy to install and remove. We feel they will provide a new concept of power boating both for owners of sports craft and light commercial vessels."

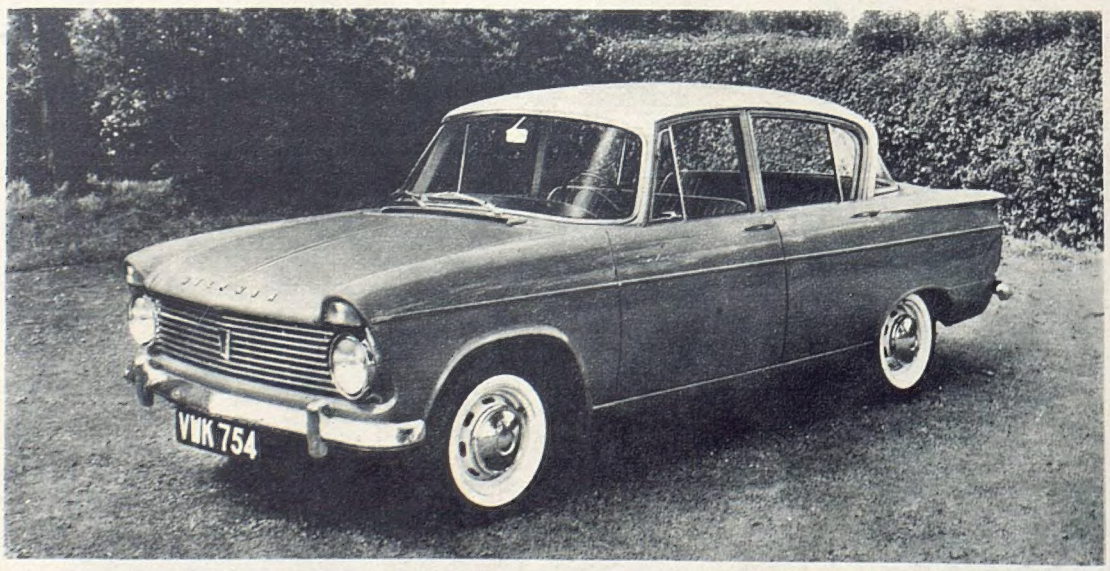
For my last road test of the old year I chose a car—the new Hillman Super Minx—which I know will be giving much pleasure to many motorists in the new one about to start. The 1,592-c.c. 4-cylinder engine develops 66 b.h.p. at 4,800 r.p.m. and propels this roomy, five-seater saloon in a manner that will meet the demands of all but the most demanding motorists. The 80-m.p.h. car is quiet, comfortable and lively, with a well-placed floor lever for the four-speed gear-box (no synchromesh on bottom gear), positive steering with a useful degree of castor action, drum brakes that are more than adequate for this type of family saloon, a boot of useful size without being extravagantly large, and good, firm springing.

The Super Minx, which inside and out is pleasing to the eye, costs £854, including tax. By paying an extra £129 you can have Easidrive automatic transmission. Which reminds me to tell you that Smiths Motor Accessories have developed a simpler, cheaper version of the unit to which Rootes have given this name Easidrive. It has the same kind of magnetic powder coupling in place of a clutch—it " freezes " solid to take up the drive when charged with electricity—but has been designed for use in conjunction with a car's normal gear-box (three ratios or four). Smiths are offering this simplified form of two-pedal control only as original equipment. They claim that when it is in full production car manufacturers will be able to offer it as an optional extra for about £50.



The two-door, four-seater Tornado Talisman

Another interesting development in the field of automatic transmission is a new gear-box—partly hydraulic but mainly mechanical—used in the new David Brown Autodrive tractor. It is described by the makers as " the transmission that thinks for itself " (which, of course, is what all automatic gear-boxes do in a manner of speaking) and they claim it has potential application to the passenger car.



The new Hillman Super Minx, a roomy, five-seater 80-m.p.h. saloon, costs £854, including tax

There is still a strong streak of nonconformity in the British motorist. It causes him to fight shy—when he can afford it—of quantity-built cars, especially when they are the product of what has come to be known as " badge engineering ": the business of taking models which are basically the same and giving them different names.

So long as there is this instinct for distinctive motoring there will always be room for relatively small firms like Tornado Cars Limited, of Rickmansworth, Herts, who for some years have been building lively sports cars around proprietary engines and selling many of them in kit form. Their latest product looks good and sounds good. It is the Talisman, a two-door, four-seater with plastic body and rigid chassis. It uses the Cosworth-tuned Ford Classic engine of 1,340 c.c., has a claimed top speed of 110 m.p.h. and costs £1,299 with tax. It has independent suspension all round (coil springs and wishbones) and disc brakes. Happy New Year!

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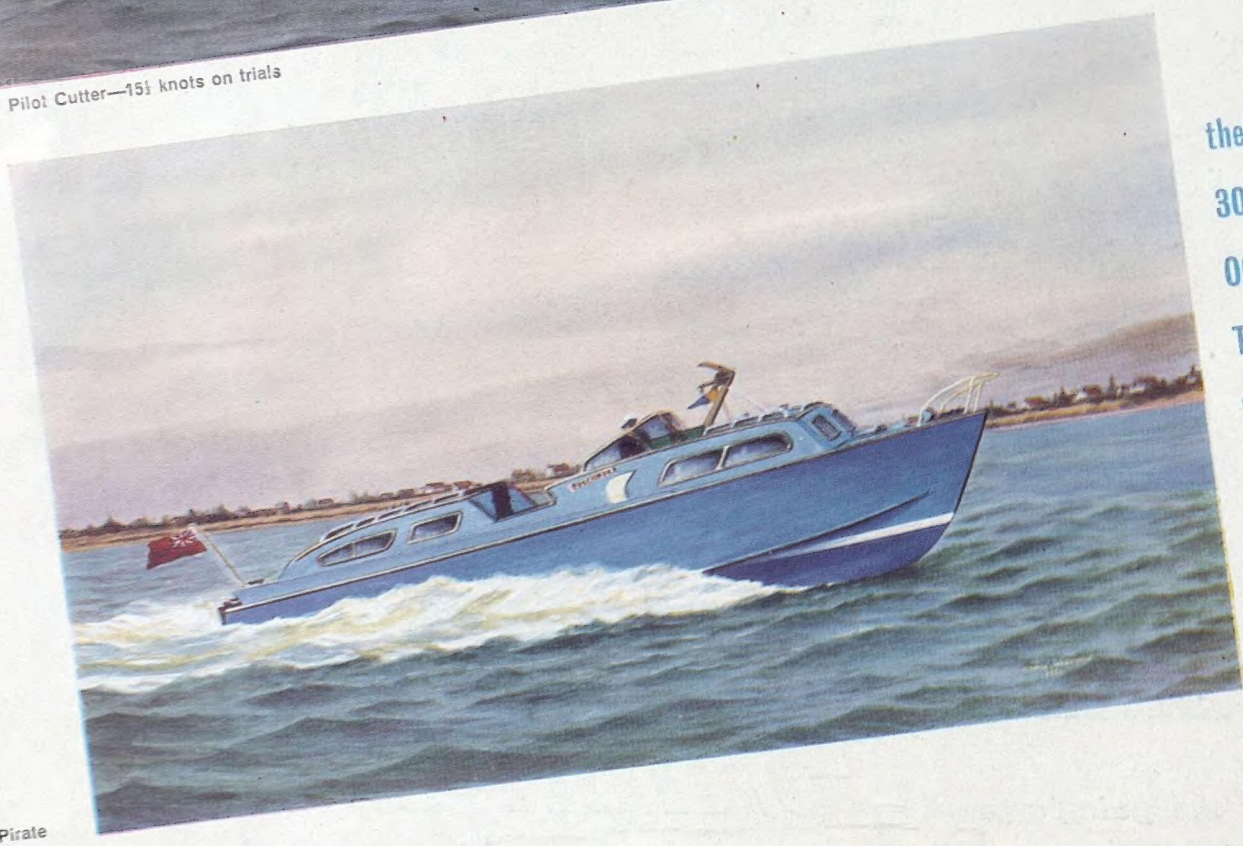

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